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THE IRISH QUESTION.

THE committal of the men accused of the murder of Mr. BURKE and Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH for trial closes the first—but it may be hoped only the first—chapter of the history of the crusade against Irish crime which Lord SPENCER, Mr. TREVELYAN, and Mr. JENKINSON have so ably and courageously undertaken. It is scarcely necessary to be informed on indubitable authority that this crusade is solely directed by the Irish Executive. It bears the marks of a policy too different from any in which either Mr. GLADSTONE is likely to be a controlling or Mr. CHAMBERLAIN a criticizing agent, to be under the immediate management of Downing Street. But for the present it is not the English question, nor the conduct and responsibilities of English Governments and parties, which is under consideration. It is the Irish question; the light thrown by the disclosures at Kilmainham on the internal condition of Ireland; the state of Irish society, factions, and classes; the measures incumbent on the governors of Ireland in the immediate as well as in the remoter future. Of the mere horror of the revelations at Dublin, culminating as they did in the evidence of JAMES CAREY, it is not necessary to say much. Though Mr. O'CONNOR POWER may think differently, the political ruffian who is assassin and informer, agitator and cut-throat by turns, is nothing new in Irish life or Irish history. Nor is it necessary to do more than for form's sake reiterate the caution that the statements made on the witness-table in the Kilmainham courthouse are unsifted and *ex parte* statements. Whatever sympathy or want of sympathy may be felt with Mr. GORST's speech on Tuesday night, his doctrine that when a witness is deliberately removed from the dock and transferred to the witness-box the Crown must be supposed to give credence to the story he tells is a perfectly unimpeachable one. As regards the legal guilt of the prisoners under accusation, the story told by the witnesses, from FARRELL to CAREY, is incomplete; as regards the probable history of the crime, it must be taken as representing the version which has approved itself to those best qualified to judge. There is good hope, moreover, that the discovering powers of the authorities are by no means at an end. The salutary balance of terror has been re-established; and, unless acts of criminal folly like Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE's Leeds utterances destroy the good effect of Lord SPENCER's labours, it is likely to remain established with good effect. The check which the police have received in the case of Mrs. BYRNE is of little moment, and throws no doubt on CAREY's veracity; for he expressly declared that it was only by hearsay and after the fact that he became acquainted with the name of the woman who bought the weapons.

As far, therefore, as the immediate hope of detection of crime and criminals is concerned the situation is favourable; but there are two other points to consider—the manner in which the Irish Parliamentary party has been affected by the disclosures, and the effect which those disclosures should have on the future government of Ireland. In regard to the first point, it would appear that the intention of Mr. PARNELL and his party is to brazen it out. The outbursts of Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. O'DONNELL gave this impression, and the long-continued silence of Mr. PARNELL confirmed it. That silence broke down at last before the tremendous indictment which Mr. FORSTER

delivered on Thursday; but even then the desire of the Irish leader and his friends seemed to be to meet the case with bluster rather than with argument. They are probably conscious that, as careful observers have always expected, no direct charge can be brought against themselves; and for the indirect responsibility thrown on them by the revelations of the use to which their organization has been put they probably care little, though it is not surprising that this equanimity is not, as is reported, shared by the more reputable of them. To any one who has ever regarded Mr. PARNELL and his party with eyes of favour, this indifference may seem horrible and surprising; it will scarcely horrify or surprise those who have appreciated the resolve of the leader or the character of most of his followers. From the very beginning of the formation of the PARNELL as opposed to the BUTT Home Rule party, it has been evident that the adoption of means by most of its members was as indiscriminate as the choice of ends was ambitious. Mr. FORSTER's speech did but remind short memories of matters perfectly well known. Other parties formed for separating Ireland from England have aimed at enlisting the upper classes of Irishmen on their side, and have sometimes to a great extent succeeded. They have thus lacked the true Jacobin stimulus of class animosity and the desire of plunder. The Parnellite programme, borrowed from DAVITT and DEVOY, and traceable in part originally to JOHN MITCHEL, has from the beginning been to bait the net with the property of the landlords, and thus at once to weaken the English garrison and strengthen and animate the Irish attack. The advantages of this plan are as obvious as its shameless immorality, and from those who have adopted it no further declension from moral standards can be in the least surprising. Indeed the only thing surprising about the whole matter is that an English Government and an English majority in Parliament should have been found to play into the hands of a party whose tactics were so clear and who were so little likely to stick at trifles. If the revelations of Kilmainham convince any Englishman of the real nature of the Irish Parliamentary party, a very great gain will have been achieved; but it will scarcely be creditable to that Englishman's intelligence that he should have waited for the revelations of Kilmainham in order to discern them. And this may be said without in any way charging individual members of Parliament with a guilty cognizance of particular acts. Supposing the conduct of BRENNAN, SHERIDAN, WALSH, and BYRNE to be such as CAREY describes it, the character of the organization in which BRENNAN, SHERIDAN, WALSH, and BYRNE were prominent, and the responsibility of the leaders of that organization, need no further comment.

But that vanishing quantity, the reputation of the Land League in the past, strikingly as it has been illuminated from without by Mr. FORSTER and from within by Mr. O'BRIEN, is of less moment than the character of the Irish Government of the future. It is now clear how the frightful folly of the Ministry—their blindness to the working of the Land League, their concession in the Land Act, their surrender in the Kilmainham Treaty, and even the slow and irresolute steps, now turned towards further concession and the Arrears Act, now towards resistance and the prevention of crime, which they took after the 6th of May—brought about in the first two years and a half of Mr. GLADSTONE's return to power a state of demoralization in Ireland which has not often been

paralleled even there. The vigorous action which Lord SPENCER has taken has for the moment arrested the most flagrant results of that demoralization; but in arresting them it has only disclosed the evidence of its wide existence. It is perfectly certain that any extension of self-government, any attempt at decentralization in Ireland, would result in the election of more CAREYS to Corporations, in the return of more persons like the present member for Mallow to Parliament, and probably in the seating of Irish Invincibles at all Boards and Council-tables. The upper classes of Ireland have been weakened, discredited, and made unpopular by the joint action of the Government and the Land League. The middle classes of the better kind are scarcely represented at all. The lower are swayed by the various motives of greed, traditional partisanship, membership of secret societies, religious prejudice, love of the rant and the violence of mob orators, and most of all by the incurable *frondeur* levity which incites every Irishman to be against the Government unless (which in these days of no pensions and few sinecures is rare) he has something to get from it. They are thus totally untrustworthy. In such a state of things the course of an intelligent Government is clear. The administration should be carried on with as much regard to the welfare of Irishmen, general and particular, as can possibly be paid, but with the most absolute care to prevent the lower class of Irishmen from having any control over it. Mr. GLADSTONE's "humblest Irishman" requires to be taught something antecedent to the art of self-government. He has to be taught the observation of the Sixth and Eighth Commandments, and he can only be taught it by what unfortunately he has never had yet—a generation at least of unswerving administration of the law, in which persecution and concession shall be kept equally at a distance.

THE ENGLISH QUESTION.

THAT the disclosures of JAMES CAREY should put both the Government and the supporters of the Government on their defence was inevitable, and it is probable that few except those to whom the discussion has been inconvenient have deemed the debates in Parliament on the subject unpractical or inopportune. The frivolous charge that adverse criticism of the Government weakens its hands would in any case be worth little attention, for it is not the present policy of the Government which is adversely criticized, but a policy which it has deliberately abandoned. But in the face of the denunciations of the Irish Administration by Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE—a member of the English Government—expostulations with Mr. GIBSON and Mr. PLUNKET almost deserve the description of impudent. The youthful member for Leeds has certainly weakened the hands of his colleagues or superiors not a little, yet he continues to give them the benefit of his valuable assistance. If comment of such a kind is permissible in a friend, comment of the other kind must certainly be permissible in a foe. But in fact the accusation of weakening the hands of the Government cannot be, and is not, seriously put forth. It has been most elaborately made use of by those whose conduct in regard to Mr. FORSTER just before his resignation, and whose attitude towards the party of Messrs. CAREY and SHERIDAN, make it almost impossible for them to do anything in the way of direct defence. It is surprising that a controversialist who has such a trick of fence as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT should have, even for a moment, stooped to pick up so weak a weapon. But the HOME SECRETARY, formidable enough in attack, has not now been proved for the first time to be somewhat unskilled in defence. It really was unnecessary for him to take so much to heart Mr. GORST's supposed denunciations of his own "incompetence." Nobody thinks Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT incompetent, except perhaps in the playing of a losing game; and even if any one did so think him, the incompetence or competence of a Home Secretary as such would have very little to do with the far graver and wider question of the judgment, or want of judgment, which he and his colleagues have shown towards Ireland.

In the arguments which have proceeded from the Government side, both in the House and out of it, a really lamentable, if by no means unaccountable, fluctuation and indecision of argument is observable. At one moment it is contended that by praising the Government change of policy Opposition critics condemn that from which it was

a change—the policy of Mr. FORSTER. At the next it is declared that there was no change at all, that Mr. FORSTER left the present Crimes Bill ready boxed and pigeon-holed for his colleagues to take up. It is clear that both these arguments can hardly be valid, and it is still clearer that the first omits the rather important incident of the Phoenix Park murders themselves, and the whole interlude of fool's paradise policy which those murders brought to an abrupt close. It is argued that the Irish Invincibles formed and plotted while their "natural leaders" were in prison owing to Mr. FORSTER's mistaken policy. It is forgotten that the Irish Invincibles, according to the same evidence, merely obeyed the identical go-betweens whom their natural leaders had accustomed them to obey in the Land League business, and whom they proposed to employ in the service of the Government under the Kilmainham negotiations, as we may at last, by the HOME SECRETARY'S leave, call them. It is urged that Mr. FORSTER's policy was so ineffective that he was himself plotted against and all but slain. It is forgotten, though the Dublin Correspondents of the very newspapers which urge this remind their readers of it at the same time, that the reason why Mr. FORSTER escaped and Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH did not was not so much accident as that Mr. FORSTER was protected and Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH (under the fool's paradise régime) was not. A score of other fatal discrepancies and gaps in the Radical defence might easily be noted. It is not the fact that the liberation of Mr. PARNELL and his fellows had any good effect; for, even though it was followed by the Arrears Bill, the Invincibles went about their work more steadily than ever. It is not the fact that the Irish police had proved themselves inefficient in detecting crime, for they had never been vigorously set at work, and they were paralysed by the known aversion of the Cabinet to thorough proceedings. It is not true that Mr. FORSTER was not caballed against. It is not true that he received all the powers for which he asked. It is not true that he was as willing as his colleagues to capitulate to Mr. PARNELL, and only scrupled about terms. The mere mention of SHERIDAN (it is now seen how justly) frightened him; it did not frighten his colleagues. In short, the whole defence is rotten, and was seen to be rotten even before Mr. FORSTER's double-barrel brought down the Ministry and Mr. PARNELL right and left. It is not necessary (as it seems to be assumed) to hold that Mr. FORSTER's administration of Ireland was perfect. He was hampered by philanthropic ideas, by Radical commonplaces about conciliation, by an insufficient Coercion Act, by a more insufficient comprehension of the situation in most of his colleagues, by direct caballing against him on the part of some of them, and most of all by the damaging compromise with lawlessness represented by the Land Act. But he did what he could; he gradually appreciated the facts, and shook off his theories, and above all he repudiated at once and unconditionally the notion of pacifying Ireland by means of outrage-mongers which his colleagues entertained. Therefore he has the sympathy of all Englishmen who understand the facts now, and will have, as against his colleagues, the verdict of historians. That when he resigned there was a change—that his resignation, and with it the freeing of Mr. PARNELL and his friends, constituted in themselves a change of the weightiest character, and that for the moment at least the idea of governing Ireland by the aid of the outrage-organizers was entertained, is certain and undeniable. It is as certain and as undeniable that the Phoenix Park murders, and the determination of Lord SPENCER not to be what Lord COWPER had been, changed this change once more, and that the result has been the detection of the conspiracy and the partial restoration of order. The revelations of CAREY have not increased the error which the Government fell into last April, but they have demonstrated it more clearly, and it is perfectly vain for Ministers or their friends to attempt to wriggle out of the demonstration. The amendment of Mr. GORST expresses (whether it be expedient to put it on solemn record or not) the judgment of every competent person not blinded by prejudice in the three kingdoms. It is hardly rash to say that it also probably expresses the secret sentiments of a great majority of the Cabinet. Men like Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Lord HARTINGTON (whose challenge to the Opposition to reopen the Kilmainham affair is a marvel of injudiciousness) do not make so bad a defence unless they are privately convinced that they have not a leg to stand on.

But from the English side of the question, the responsible members of the Government are not the only persons who have to be reckoned with. There is the English Radical party, which is to all appearance as impetuous and as inept as ever. The utterances of Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE are to be excused by the circumstance that a very young man, of ability perhaps sufficient for a curacy or a clerkship, finds himself in a position to pronounce on great matters, and to have his utterances eagerly reported, listened to, and believed in. Mr. JESSE COLLINGS is not in this case. If not a man of ability, he is at any rate a man of business and experience. He speaks the sentiments, not of an accidental relationship, but of a party the spokesmanship of which he has won by actual service and performance. It is therefore very interesting to find in Mr. JESSE COLLINGS exactly that attitude of mind which libellers of the female sex affect to discover in women when any one is unwise enough to argue with them. Mr. JESSE COLLINGS has the fixed idea that self-government is a cure for everything, and the Dublin revelations have produced no more effect on this fixed idea than a "contrary instance" would on Mrs. PARTINGTON or Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. He has been taught that over-rent and eviction are the cause of Irish crime, and he states this gravely, though there is no evidence that any Invincible has ever been over-rented, or evicted, or deprived by landlords of his ox or his ass or anything that he had. "If Birmingham or Manchester had to submit to a military man sent from Paris there would soon be riots and uproar." "This is the contribution of Mr. JESSE COLLINGS, spokesman of the English Radical party, to the discussion of the facts now before the House and the world. If Birmingham and Manchester (where the presence of Invincible Leagues is notorious) were under the command of a military man sent from Paris (which is doubtless the capital of the Empire of which Birmingham and Manchester are parts), there would be riots and uproar—such as no doubt have followed, and not preceded, the application of coercion in Ireland. As a specimen at once of observing and reasoning power, it would be impossible to outvie—perhaps to match—this comparison. Yet the presumably rational being who makes it is the spokesman of a considerable party—a party which has more than any other influenced the Irish policy of the present Government, and which in the particular matter of the Kilmainham negotiations influenced it completely. This is the aspect of the English side of present Irish matters to which the attention of all Englishmen has to be most earnestly requested. There are fortunately some signs that this attention is aroused in quarters where hitherto stolid acquiescence in the commonplaces of political Liberalism has been the rule.

PARLIAMENTARY PAPERS ON EGYPT.

THE papers on Egypt which have just been presented to Parliament do not contain much matter that is very striking or very new. It was scarcely possible that they should do so, as the steps taken by the Government in regard to ARABI'S trial and the suppression of the Control were already known, and Lord GRANVILLE'S summary of the policy of the Government was already before the world. But on some subordinate matters the papers contain much that is instructive. Lord DUFFERIN, for example, gives a very complete and clear account of the force that is to keep order in Egypt. This ought to be a topic of very great interest to those who concentrate their attention on the precise date at which the British troops are to leave Egypt. It is thought a wonderful triumph that Lord HAINGTON may, if people choose, be misrepresented as having announced that by Christmas every English soldier will have left. On the other hand, excited correspondents telegraph from Alexandria that they will walk in daily fear for their lives unless a positive pledge is given that English troops will stay in Egypt for at least three years. If those who hope for and those who fear the departure of our troops would but read Lord DUFFERIN'S despatches, they would see that the stay of the troops is to be measured, not by any definite period of time, but by the degree in which the object of British troops being in Egypt is accomplished. They are there with a view to keep order until a force capable of maintaining order after they are gone has been created. If such a force can

be created in three months or six months, the troops may all go; if it is partially created, some may go; if it cannot be created for half a dozen years, some or all must stay. England pledges herself that there shall be in Egypt a force that will make both foreigners and natives perfectly safe. The force which Lord DUFFERIN proposes will consist of about eight thousand regulars, four thousand rural police, and two thousand gendarmerie for Alexandria and Cairo. The regulars are to be commanded nominally by the KHEDIVE, and under him by Sir EVELYN WOOD, and are to be partly officered by Englishmen, while European gendarmes are to be selected for the European quarters of Cairo and Alexandria; and the rural police, who, among other duties, will have that of patrolling the Canal, are to be under English inspectors. The whole force is a small one; but it is expected to be sufficient because it will be very well disciplined, and all bad and weak men will be rigorously weeded out. The question to ask is not how long the English troops will stay, but how long will it probably take to collect, discipline, and purify a force of fourteen thousand men, very loyal, very efficient, tender to the weak, vigilant over foreigners, and a real terror to evil-doers and to no one else? If any one likes to guess that this can be effected in six months, he is quite at liberty to do so. When it is effected, the English troops will leave—not a day sooner or a day later. All that need be remembered is that if the troops leave too soon they will have to come back again, for England has guaranteed the reign of order in Egypt.

Lord DUFFERIN'S attention has been necessarily directed to the perilous state of affairs in the wild regions beyond Khartoum, and as usual he has come to a distinct and very intelligible opinion on the policy to be pursued. There are three quarters from which danger is to be apprehended. First there is Abyssinia, with which Egypt is always quarrelling. Here the method of meeting the danger is very simple. English diplomacy, which means a polite invocation of the name of Lord NAPIER of Magdala, is to keep Abyssinia quiet. Then there is Darfour. The remedy is equally simple; give Darfour up. There remains the Soudan. The possession of the Soudan is, in the eyes of Lord DUFFERIN, a mere fad of the KHEDIVE and his advisers. As they very much wish to keep the Soudan, and think that great things might be done with it, he does not like to prevent them altogether from doing something to retain it. He will allow them to send some troops there, and he even sees a special advantage in an expedition being got up at this moment; for the Soudan is too hot for Egyptians, who die off rapidly there, and it is not therefore a bad destination for the wilder adventurers of ARABI'S army. But not a man of Lord DUFFERIN'S chosen corps of fourteen thousand is to go to the Soudan or to have anything to do with it; and as Lord DUFFERIN lays down that the first thing needful for Egypt is that not a piastre shall be spent which can be saved, it is evident that any Egyptian force sent to the Soudan must be a very small one, or must pay its own expenses, or must be very speedily withdrawn. The abandonment of Darfour and the Soudan means the abandonment of all attempts to put down the slave-trade at its headquarters. This is so obvious that the English Government has had to consider how it can put a check on slavery to compensate for the check it gives up. Lord GRANVILLE has written to insist that slavery in Egypt proper shall be declared positively illegal. The KHEDIVE has some scruples on this head, as he thinks slavery countenanced by his religion. But the Bey of TUNIS abolished slavery by a summary decree, and why, Lord GRANVILLE urges, cannot the KHEDIVE do what the BEY did? There is perhaps no reason why he should not; but it is one thing to issue a decree and another to get it carried out. A decree abolishing slavery would be a dead letter in Egypt, unless Lord DUFFERIN'S fourteen thousand men were kept very hard at work in seeing its provisions executed. The same thing may be said of the new native Courts. Sir EDWARD MALET writes with great earnestness on this subject, and says that there can be no prospect of a durable or a tolerable form of government existing in Egypt unless justice is done to rich and poor alike by foreign judges sitting side by side with native judges. But how are foreign judges bearding the rich and protecting the poor to get their sentences carried out? The answer can only be by Lord DUFFERIN'S fourteen thousand men. The more we hear of what

this admirable body is to do, the more we feel how loyal, how disciplined, how free from the weaknesses and vices of their countrymen must be the men of whom it is composed. That fourteen thousand such men may be found or formed in Egypt is possible; but they certainly are not easy to find or form; and if the English troops stay till they are found or formed, the day when Alexandria will see the last regiment of redcoats steaming away seems far enough off.

LORD DUFFERIN cannot even picture to himself the time when Englishmen will not have to be employed in the service of the Egyptian Government. He, Sir EDWARD MALET, Sir AUCKLAND COLVIN, and every one who has to write on Egypt seriously and with a sense of responsibility, always speak of the Egyptians as they really are, as mere children who must be guided and taught and helped. They all guard themselves most carefully as to the future. They have no means of saying that the day may not come when Egyptians will show themselves skilled administrators, incorruptible judges, and sagacious members of Parliament. But at present they do not happen to come across any Egyptians of this class. What is more, they find that every Egyptian who is competent to form an opinion not only owns that foreigners are necessary, but eagerly longs to have them. Questions as to this were asked of many leading natives by LORD DUFFERIN's direction, and not only was this the answer given, but those who gave it added that they wished that all the foreigners employed should be Englishmen. What they objected to in the past was the employment of too many foreigners, of foreigners who were not worth their salt, and of foreigners of different nationalities. The number of foreigners actually employed has been greatly exaggerated. Among the papers now published is an admirably clear and exhaustive statement, drawn up by Mr. FITZGERALD, showing exactly how the Civil Service of Egypt is composed. Of the total strength there are, in round numbers, 53,000 natives and 1,000 Europeans; or, if the special services of the Mixed Tribunals and the Land Survey are excluded, there are 648 Europeans. Of these there are 140 British-born subjects—most of whom are required for their mechanical skill in surveys, railways, telegraphs, and public works. Whoever else may have preyed upon Egypt, Englishmen have certainly not. We at least have not sent our bad bargains to the Nile and quartered our adventurers on the KHEDEVE and his father. LORD DUFFERIN, in asking for English officers to discipline his wonderful little force, was most urgent in begging that men of exactly the right stamp should be sent. All the officers sent should, he pointed out, be young, active, energetic, and prepared to learn the language. "It would be most 'unfair,'" he said, "to fob off on the Egyptian Government our military failures." It would be equally unfair not to own that both the present and the last English Government have honestly striven to avoid fobbing off failures of any kind on Egypt. All the appointments or recommendations made or given were without reproach. Those sent have been men of the highest stamp for honesty, zeal, high bearing, and practical knowledge. This should be taken into account now. We have to guide Egypt now, for others left us to go to Tel-el-Kebir alone. But we have also earned the right to guide it, so far as this right can be earned, by the high quality of those Englishmen who have hitherto devoted, and are now devoting, themselves to the task.

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

IN the debate on the Address, or preliminary conversation on things in general, it is not surprising that one night was occupied in the discussion of agricultural distress. Sir WALTER BARTHELOT in his elaborate speech proved to demonstration the notorious fact that seven or eight cold and wet years have inflicted heavy losses on farmers and landowners. It was undeniably true that, as some of the speakers remarked, the diminution in the produce of land was incomparably more important than the creating of an unwieldy Municipality in London. On the other hand, it might be said that an Act of Parliament may destroy or establish a Corporation, but that no legislative measure will counteract the effects of bad seasons. It is true that the policy favoured by Mr. CHAPLIN and Mr. LOWTHER would confer a benefit on farmers; but they

might as well have proposed to subsidize owners and occupiers of land by annual grants of several millions as to restore the protective duty on corn. It would indeed be much cheaper to compensate farmers in money for their losses than to raise artificially the price of corn or of meat. Some members who took part in the debate repeated the old complaint that the land was unduly taxed; but, as Mr. GOSCHEN showed, the utmost extent of possible relief would only amount to an insignificant sum. Nine or ten years ago Sir MASSEY LOPES inflicted a serious injury on the class which he intended to serve by inducing the House of Commons to condemn the actual incidence of the rates. From that time projectors have been incessantly occupied in devising plans for laying burdens on owners of land, and for interfering with their free disposal of their own property.

Mr. HOWARD of course reproduced his nostrum of compensation to tenants, though, if he is accurately reported, he had the prudence to withhold for the time the iniquitous claim to tenant-right. His Bill, which will, if it is passed, finally and absolutely deprive landowners of their control over their own property, will do nothing to relieve agricultural distress, though it may confer on farmers a valuable property to which they have not a shadow of right. The boon given once for all to the actual occupiers would in no respect benefit their successors. A future purchaser would have to pay the full value of the tenant-right which had been unjustly bestowed on the present occupier. Several speakers asserted that the only effective relief to tenants must consist in a reduction of rents. It is possible that in many cases their judgment may be well founded; but it is no more the business of Parliament to enact, or even to discuss, the price of agricultural occupation than to regulate the price of corn or of cotton. In many parts of the country rents have, by the legitimate operation of voluntary contract, been largely reduced. Almost every tenant in Great Britain is now in a position to make a bargain with every advantage on his side. No proof has been given that agricultural industry has been hampered by the absence of compulsory rules of compensation. It is extremely unlikely that in present circumstances new capital will be applied to the land. The Commission has confirmed the well-known fact that almost all permanent improvements have been made at the expense of owners. If the Farmers' Alliance were allowed to accomplish the spoliation which its promoters contemplate, no prudent owner would from that time forward spend a shilling for the benefit of a tenant who might afterwards become a hostile litigant. The most interesting contribution to the debate of Monday last was Mr. GOSCHEN's disquisition on the recent appreciation of gold. It would be more probable that the cheapness of grain was attributable to a dearth of bullion, if sheep and cattle were not at present extraordinarily dear. Mr. GOSCHEN's authority on such a subject is entitled to respect; but this possible cause of agricultural distress is, like the rest, beyond the reach and outside the province of legislation. Unfortunately Mr. GOSCHEN countenanced a popular prejudice by the remark that rents are increased by every addition to the value of gold. If contracts of tenancy were either perpetual or valid for long terms of years, the occupiers might perhaps deserve compassion, though they would have no equitable claim to legislative redress. When they made their bargain they took the chance of a rise or a fall in the price of gold as in the price of corn; but it is unnecessary in this instance to define the strict rights of either party. It is notorious that the tenant, even if he is a leaseholder, has for two or three years been able to dictate the terms of his occupation. The fall in rent has been much larger than any rise in the value of gold.

It was easy to foresee that when an Irish debate once commenced the House would have no attention to spare for less exciting topics. Sir WALTER BARTHELOT may be satisfied with his success in securing one night for the discussion of agricultural distress. Other questions will be raised as opportunity offers on behalf of various sections of the Legislature. Sir WILFRED LAWSON has already ascertained that the Government will not introduce or support a Permissive Bill in the present Session; but he may perhaps not have been dissatisfied with an assurance which seems to indicate official conversion to the doctrine of Local Option. The Government professes to consider the traffic in intoxicating liquors as a branch of the question of local administration. It may

therefore be assumed that the jurisdiction is to be transferred from the present competent tribunals to County Boards and to Corporations in towns. Such a change would involve the principle of Local Option, which again is indistinguishable in theory and practical operation from a Permissive Bill. Any measure of the kind involves the objectionable assumption that a majority has a right to regulate the private affairs of each local community. The justices have hitherto taken for granted the lawfulness of the traffic in beer and spirits, though they may have differed as to the sufficiency of the existing supply and the necessity of granting additional licences. The transfer of their powers to bodies elected by popular suffrage would be equivalent to a Parliamentary declaration that the decision was no longer judicial, but that the will of the majority should prevail. It is probable that municipal contests in towns and counties would for some time to come principally turn on the issue between temperance agitators and the defenders of popular freedom. The governing bodies would consequently be for this purpose mere delegates, charged with the single duty of registering the resolutions of their constituents. Where the opponents of restriction prevailed, the triumph would be attributed to the influence of the publicans, and the contest would be annually or periodically renewed. The suppression of public-houses would excite deep and just resentment, and in either case the composition of the municipal councils would be deteriorated. In places where the existing system was maintained there would be much room for jobbery.

The same tendency to abdicate the duty and responsibility of general legislation is displayed in the encouragement which is given to measures for the abolition in certain counties or districts of the sale of beer and spirits on Sundays. Mr. EVELYN ASHLEY, an Under-Secretary of State, introduces one of these Bills as member for the Isle of Wight. He would certainly have declined to undertake the conduct of the measure if it had been regarded unfavourably by the Government; and indeed Sir W. HARCOURT, in answer to a question on the subject, expressed approval of partial or provincial legislation. The Act which was passed two Sessions ago for closing of Welsh public-houses on Sundays furnishes a precedent for a vicious and retrograde innovation. General uniformity of laws, though it may admit of some exceptions, affords an indispensable security against the petty tyranny of local majorities. It is true that the provisions of the Sunday Trading Bills are not permissive; but in every instance they are promoted by zealots who wish to interfere with the conduct of their neighbours. If the sale of alcoholic liquors on Sundays is inexpedient, the grounds for suppressing the traffic must be the same in Wales, on the mainland of Hampshire, and in the Isle of Wight. The rights of the inhabitants of any of those parts of the kingdom ought not to be infringed, except for reasons of paramount importance which would justify and require general legislation. It will be interesting to learn whether County Boards in Wales, or, if Mr. ASHLEY'S Bill is passed, in the Isle of Wight, will have the power of reopening public-houses on Sundays.

Even if the interest in Irish affairs had been less engrossing, little or nothing would probably have been said in the debate of the Bill which is nevertheless to be introduced as the principal measure of the Session. It was only as a reason or excuse for postponing a Local Option Bill that the scheme for establishing a Municipality in London was even mentioned. The silence of the House of Commons accurately corresponds to the utter indifference of the population of London. It has been often repeated that no change of equal magnitude has ever received so little support from popular opinion. Mr. BEAL and Mr. FIRTH are the only known advocates of a new Corporation, unless they have recently communicated their enthusiasm to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. The entire absence of any desire for the measure accounts in some degree for the apathy with which it is received by its natural critics and opponents. Those who are disposed to acquiesce passively in a scheme which has received but languid advocacy will do well to study from time to time the proceedings of the Paris Municipality. The majority of the body, consisting of Jacobins of the most extreme type, busies itself habitually with politics instead of municipal administration. It is not improbable that some of its members may have taken part in a late patriotic meeting which was of opinion that all the ORLEANS Princes

and their families should be summarily put to death. Mr. GLADSTONE apparently proposes to transfer the control of the metropolitan police to the new Municipality; nor can any extravagance on the part of the Minister who would entrust the internal government of Ireland to branches of the Land League now cause surprise. It will be necessary to watch carefully not only the first draft of the Bill, but the possible concessions of the Government. A measure which can scarcely do any good, while it may in certain contingencies involve enormous danger, might perhaps have deserved notice in the debate on the Address.

THE NEW FRENCH MINISTRY.

DURING the present week the French Senate has earned and received a great number of apologies for the mistaken expectations which were formed of its action on the Proscription Bill. Everybody believed that it was certain to give way before the Chamber of Deputies, and, believing this, thought that for once there could be no harm in predicting it. Happily, everybody proved to be mistaken. The Bill came very near to being accepted, but when once they are recorded five votes are as good as fifty. Of the sixteen Senators who had in the first instance rejected the proposal to arm the Cabinet with a discretionary power of expelling members of families that have reigned in France, eleven were too timid to join in rejecting it a second time. Fortunately the five who remained faithful were spared the severest trial to which the consistency of a French Republican can be exposed. A speech from M. JULES SIMON against the Bill would have been enough, it is thought, to ensure its success, but he allowed himself to be turned from his purpose by M. ALLOU. M. WADDINGTON said what he could to undo the effect of his previous vote in favour of M. SAY'S amendment; and the result of these various influences was the rejection of the Bill. The compromise offered by the Senate turned out in the end to have been a real compromise—a concession, that is, beyond which the Senate was determined not to advance. If, as certain journals of the Extreme Left are every day declaring, the Senate is to be abolished as a just punishment for its insolence in venturing to differ from the Chamber, it will at least fall with dignity. More probably the threats of which it is at present the object will prove as empty as those which were in circulation about the time of the general election. It will take more than a mere wish of the Chamber of Deputies to abolish the Second Chamber; and there is no reason to suppose that the Chamber will find it any more easy to reduce its wishes to action in this instance than in the many others in which its desires have remained barren. The impotence of the Chamber to do anything which requires more cohesion between its several parts than can be maintained for a single division is a feature in the French situation which promises to be permanent, and so long as it lasts the Senate is safe. If the Republican Union, with its 140 members, is eager for a revision of the Constitution, the Democratic Union, with its 180 members, has already pledged itself to vote against it. This, at least, is the only meaning that can be attached to its resolution to support a Cabinet which "will strive to avoid conflict between the great public bodies, and will set aside irritating subjects." As the proposed revision of the Constitution would place the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies in a position of direct antagonism to one another, it answers with singular precision to the description here given of subjects to be set aside. It is true that the Democratic Union, though the largest of the four groups, is not much more than a third of the Chamber; but it is strong enough, with the support of the Right, to defeat the Gambettists and the Radicals, and on a question of revision it is probable that this support will be given. It is said, indeed, that the Bonapartists will vote for revision; but as they can hardly hope at present to gain any substantial benefit by so doing, they will hardly show themselves thus ungrateful to the Senate which has done its best to shield their chief from arbitrary banishment.

It might have been thought that M. GRÉVY would have chosen his Prime Minister from the members of the largest section of the Chamber, instead of doing violence to his own dislikes by taking M. JULES FERRY. But though M. FERRY can only count on the support of the Republican

Union, he is probably stronger with this than another man would be with the support of the Democratic Union. The Gambettists are a fairly homogeneous body; the Democratic Union embraces, since the disappearance of the Left Centre, Republicans of very various shades. More than this, M. FERRY may hope to secure the passive goodwill of a part at least of the Extreme Left, whereas the Democratic Union could promise a Minister no support outside its own ranks. Every member of the Extreme Left stands pledged to provoke conflict between the great public bodies on every possible occasion, and with that view to force on the discussion of as many irritating subjects as possible. It is plain, therefore, that the Extreme Left is bound to oppose by every means in its power a Ministry which is in any sense a Ministry of conciliation. On the other hand, the Right, though it would join the Democratic Union in opposition to particular proposals, would not give even the most general support to a Ministry taken from among it. Such a Ministry would consequently have no real hold on the Chamber. The Democratic Union may, on the whole, be trusted not to oppose a Gambettist Cabinet unless they are provoked to do so by particular measures. The Republican Union would be certain to oppose any Ministry that was not Gambettist without regard to particular measures. The Ministry that has now been formed is consequently the only Ministry that in the present state of parties in the Chamber could count upon living out the week in which it was gazetted. Personally, too, it is as strong as any Cabinet that could be got together upon condition that no two Ministers were expected to agree with one another. Indeed it is very much M. GAMBETTA's Ministry over again without M. GAMBETTA. Three names in it will excite much surprise and some apprehension. M. CHALLEMEL LACOUR gives to M. FERRY the support of a great oratorical reputation. But he is equally distinguished by an absence of political prudence, and he will begin work in the Foreign Office with a weight round his neck in the shape of the gratuitous attack upon foreign Powers which he made in his speech on the Proscription Bill. General THIBAUDIN remains in the new Ministry for the same reason that he was first introduced into the last. A particular piece of work has to be done, and no General of reputation can be found to do it. It is understood that the ORLEANS Princes are to be "placed in non-activity," under the powers given to the Minister of War by a law of 1834. But in a circular annually published, the Minister of War is made to say that this power will only be exercised in the case of grave offences against honour or discipline. Either, therefore, the Minister will have to specify what the offence of the ORLEANS Princes has been, when the charge will be seen to be ridiculous; or he will have to withdraw the explanatory circular, and thus place all the officers of the army in fear of being dealt with in the same way whenever it suits the purpose of the Government. It is no wonder that, under these circumstances, M. FERRY has to put up with a Minister of General THIBAUDIN's peculiar reputation. M. BRUN, the new Minister of Marine, is not, like the MINISTER of WAR, gravely compromised by his past history. But his appointment shows that the same feeling which has limited M. FERRY's choice to one General has denied him even that liberty among the Admirals. M. BRUN has naval experience, however, though not in the combatant branch of the service; and M. FERRY is so far more fortunate than M. FALLIÈRES that he has got a Director of Naval Construction for his Minister of Marine instead of a gentleman whose fame had been won in the practice of rural medicine.

The declaration read to the Chambers yesterday is as moderate as could be expected from the composition of the Ministry. There is to be no direct legislation against Pretenders, but the public thoroughfares are to be protected from vexatious demonstrations whether in the way of street cries or street placards; and the Executive undertakes to use all, and perhaps rather more than all, the powers that are given to it by the existing law. It is unfortunate for M. FERRY that he should have been driven to make this latter pledge; but, under the circumstances in which he had to form his Cabinet, he could do no less. The list of measures to be associated with the new Administration is comparatively a short one. The magistracy is to be reformed; the army is to be made more efficient; and a "special stamp" is to be given to the work of this Parliament by Bills re-

lating to habitual criminals, to Provident Societies, and to Trade-Unions. If the Government have really come to any conclusion as to what they wish to do with the magistracy and the army, they may perhaps induce the Chamber to agree with them; but it is more probable that the special stamp to be given to this Parliament will also be the only stamp, and that the Chamber will have cause to be thankful if it is able to pass the three non-contentious measures enumerated in the Ministerial declaration. M. FERRY gave the Chamber some sensible advice upon the two essentials of a reforming Government. It needs a solid basis and a sound political method. Without the first it is exposed to constant crises; without the second it is liable to have all manner of questions taken up at once and made the subject of irritating debates at the instance of individual members. That the Chamber should leave it to the Government to say what subjects are ripe for legislation is M. FERRY's prescription for the political malady under which France at present suffers. It is excellent advice, but, judging from past experience, it will be disregarded by the Chamber from the first moment that the Ministry gets to work.

THE LIVERPOOL FINANCIAL REFORMERS.

THE Liverpool Financial Reform Association has suddenly revived after a long interval of suspended animation, to the surprise of a few veteran politicians who faintly remember its earlier existence. In a whimsical tale of M. ABOUT's, a French officer who had been taken prisoner in the Moscow campaign is reduced by an ingenious surgeon to the condition of a mummy, and preserved in his desiccated form as a curiosity for forty years. By a reversal of the original process he is then restored to life; and his Parisian adventures in the days of the Second Empire produce at last a despairing consciousness that he has become an anachronism. The Financial Reform Association looks equally obsolete by the side of the contemporary Caucas and Land League. The organization was contrived by the late Mr. ROBERTSON GLADSTONE in imitation of the Corn-Law League, which had then been recently dissolved; but its author and chief manager had none of the popular gifts of Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT, and the grievances which formed the subject of his agitation were indefinite and doubtful. Mr. ROBERTSON GLADSTONE and his obscure associates spent considerable sums of money on the circulation of unreadable tracts in proof of their doctrine that taxation ought to be exclusively imposed on property, and principally on land. If all things were to begin from the beginning, plausible arguments might be used against indirect taxation. The abolition of custom-houses and of excise duties would facilitate trade and industry; and the deduction of equal amounts from all descriptions of income would be a just and economical method of providing for the expenses of government. The Financial Reform Association had some inkling of the abstract truth; but its writers and speakers never understood that a complete fiscal readjustment would involve an arbitrary change in the relative condition of different classes. The distinction which they drew between real and personal property was founded partly on historical confusion and principally on democratic prejudice.

The deputation to Mr. CHILDERS, consisting either of survivors of the former Association or of representatives and political assignees of its original members, called his attention, in their own elegant language, to "the reduction of taxes on food in the direction of a free breakfast-table." For the most striking phrase in this programme they are indebted to Mr. BRIGHT, whose rhetorical instinct taught him that the most concrete phrase is to a popular audience always the most impressive. A mixture, not perhaps, as BACON said, of a lie, but of a fallacy, "doth ever add pleasure." There is no more reason for exempting one meal from taxation than another; but perhaps breakfast sounds more innocent than dinner, and it is presumably unaccompanied by beer. Mr. BRIGHT knew better than to talk, like his plagiarists, of "food," which in the ordinary use of words means solid substances such as bread or meat. The Liverpool Association was apparently not aware, when it asked for an interview with the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, that in England there are no taxes on food. Since Mr. BRIGHT invented the phrase, sugar, which may perhaps be called

food because it is nutritious, has been admitted free of duty. There only remain tea, cocoa, and coffee, which for purposes of revenue pay a very moderate duty. As long as indirect taxes are required, financiers are bound by the principle of Free-trade to impose duties by preference on articles which are not produced at home. The American Congress has, for the sake of Protection, habitually followed the converse practice of relieving non-competitive produce from Customs duties. In the case of commodities which, like spirits, are both home-grown and imported, Excise and Customs duties are in England adjusted so as to avoid an undue preference to either class of goods. The Financial Reform Association practically abstains for the present from meddling with the taxes on intoxicating liquors and on tobacco. Hereafter it proposes absolutely to abolish all indirect taxation. A free breakfast-table, or, in other words, the abolition of the duties on tea, coffee, and cocoa, would be desirable if the money could be spared; but if the diminished consumption of beer and spirits proves to be permanent, the revenue arising from tea will probably increase, and it will become more indispensable.

The principal spokesman of the deputation professed not to agree with Mr. BROADHURST's more revolutionary proposal of a graduated Income-tax and succession duty; but the Liverpool Association would practically produce the same result by relieving the contributors under Schedule D at the expense of owners of property. Mr. CHILDERS opportunely reminded the deputation that the question which they raised involves political as well as financial considerations. Under an enlightened despotism something might be said, not for Mr. BROADHURST's wild proposal, but for the abolition of custom-houses and of excise offices. All commodities would then be sold at their natural price, unless they were subjected to export duties in the country of their origin. It would be necessary, for the sake of just fiscal legislation, at the same time to impose one uniform rate of duty on every description of income. The exemption which is now enjoyed by the vast majority of the population can only be justified on the ground that the less wealthy classes expend a comparatively large proportion of their incomes in the purchase of taxed commodities. The supposed establishment of open ports and markets would remove all excuse for differential taxation, and by this hypothesis an impartial Government possessed of irresistible power would overcome the difficulty of levying taxation from the recipients of weekly wages. The English Chancellor of the Exchequer has to deal with other political and social conditions. Accordingly Mr. CHILDERS, by a judicious cross-examination in the Socratic manner, induced the Financial Reformers to admit that they proposed to put all power into the hands of one class, and to raise all taxes from another. The supporters of direct taxation were left to draw for themselves the obvious inference.

The tendency of modern political changes to dissociate taxation from electoral power finds illustration in the plausible clamour for a free breakfast-table. Mr. COURTNEY is the only member of the Government or of the Liberal party who has been candid enough to call attention to a great and growing constitutional anomaly. One of his alleged reasons for leaving Egypt in a condition of anarchy was that the classes which approved of the war for the most part contributed nothing to its cost. Mr. MUNDELLA about the same time less reasonably exulted in the latest addition to the Income-tax, on the ground that it would punish the alleged supporters of the policy of his own Government. For many years past exceptional expenses have always been charged on the comparatively small body of payers of Income-tax. During the same period their political influence has been largely impaired by the institution of household suffrage in boroughs; and it is about to be finally destroyed by the extension of the same franchise and by the abolition of small constituencies. The Liverpool Reform Association will welcome the change, though it will not tend to promote national parsimony. If the Association interests itself in local taxation, it will find that the rates also are likely to be exclusively administered without the participation of the ultimate paymasters. The free breakfast-table hardly requires the efforts of a separate organization. The Financial Reformers of Liverpool are perhaps more anxious to increase the Income-tax than to relieve consumers of tea. An impost levied on a comparatively small class naturally commands the approval of a democratic Club; and the resuscitated Association pro-

bably understands the principle on which the tax is assessed as little as its predecessors of thirty years ago. Mr. ROBERTSON GLADSTONE and his friends proposed that land should be taxed at a higher rate than personalty, and personalty than trading and professional incomes. Arguments for special taxation of land were discovered in the abolition of military tenures in the seventeenth century, and in the continuance of the valuation on which the Land-tax was originally assessed. Reformers of a certain kind can never understand that the Land-tax was imposed on all descriptions of property, though personalty has always escaped from its due contribution. The actual owners of land in almost all instances hold by titles long subsequent to the Acts which established a uniform tenure.

The more intelligent members of the deputation may have anticipated Mr. CHILDERS's answer to their proposal that he should sacrifice four and a half millions of revenue at a time when he will think himself fortunate if he can balance his accounts. They can scarcely have expected that he should first create a large deficiency, and then supply its place by a new impost calculated to produce four or five millions. Even the present House of Commons would hesitate to adopt so extravagant a proposal; and until the next Reform Bill is passed the Income-tax payers will not become absolutely powerless. It may be added that Mr. CHILDERS is an upright and capable financier, and that he is not an extreme politician, though he condescended to use some party clap-trap in his answer to the deputation. It was wholly unnecessary to sneer at the late Government for its use of the surplus which it inherited in 1872. Mr. GLADSTONE, before his defeat at the elections, had already undertaken to sacrifice the whole amount of six millions for the purpose of abolishing the very tax which the Financial Reform Association wishes to increase. It is true that the proposal was exclusively dictated by motives of party expediency in disregard of financial convenience and fiscal justice. The probable bearing of democratic supremacy on taxation may be inferred from Mr. BROADHURST's scheme of partial confiscation. Hereafter it is possible that less respectable representatives of the working-classes may have the means of trying experiments which are now only recommended by ill-informed politicians. Mr. BROADHURST has probably no conscious intention of perpetrating injustice, but he instinctively prefers the supposed interests of workmen to equal justice. The upper and middle classes are in constant danger of sharing the fate of the French peasantry when it was "*taillable et corvéable à merci*." The nobles, like the Liverpool Reform Association, insisted on exemption for themselves.

LOCAL SITTINGS OF THE HIGH COURT.

THE demand of the men of Lancashire for more frequent and longer sittings of the Judges of the High Court, brought before the LORD CHANCELLOR last week by a deputation representing both law and commerce, and including members of Parliament of all political opinions, evidently betokens a real want. It is but faintly disputed by any one, if at all, that a grievance exists. The time spent by the judges on circuit under the present system of assize commissions is wholly inadequate to deal with the business of the great Northern cities; nor can we be surprised at this when we reflect that the institution of Judges of Assize dates from a time when Manchester and Liverpool were obscure villages, and the centres of English industry and commerce outside London were not in the North-West, but in the South and in the East Midlands. What now happens is that the work is altogether too heavy to be disposed of by the appointed instruments. The causes which the judges are commissioned to hear and determine have to be sent out of Court to be heard by private arbitration, or stand over as *remains* and take a remote chance of ever being heard at all. Such being the inconvenience to suitors—or let us say, in plain terms, the denial of justice, for the very purpose of Assizes has from the first been that all men who would might have their causes heard by the King's Justices—the question would seem to be, not whether a remedy should be provided, but in what form it would be most effectual, and what incidental drawbacks ought to be guarded against.

As concerning the judges themselves, the change would no doubt be in some ways unwelcome to them. But

judges are for the sake of suitors, not suitors for the sake of judges; and we do not think, when all is said, that the inconvenience to the judges need be excessive. For a judge of the High Court to be permanently torn from London and fixed at Manchester or Liverpool might be a grievance indeed; and we think any such localizing of judges would also be highly objectionable to the public interest. But nothing of this kind is proposed. All that is sought is that when the judges come to such a place as Liverpool they shall stay there long enough to really dispose of the business. It is no more necessary or desirable that the same judges should always sit at Liverpool than that the same should always sit at Guildhall or at the Central Criminal Court. As it is, the assizes at Manchester or Liverpool have been known to last two or three weeks. It would hardly amount to a revolution, or seriously affect the supply of duly qualified lawyers willing to become judges, if the three weeks were extended to six. Lord COLERIDGE informed the deputation, with perhaps superfluous frankness, that he would not like it himself; but the imposition on Chancery judges of the duty of going circuit was a far greater innovation, and has been accepted without demur. So far as the question of personal convenience goes, the same considerations, or most of them, apply to the Bar.

There may be those, however, who deprecate, not from motives of interest, but out of regard for legal culture and learning and the continuity of professional tradition, any change which tends to foster a distinct local Bar in local centres of business. We sympathize to a certain extent with this objection; but the answer to it is, that the mischief—if mischief it be—is already done past recall. A strong local Bar is already in full working order at both Manchester and Liverpool; and we conceive that the following of these examples in other great towns can only be a matter of time. And London, too, has its own proper interests to be considered. It would be no small compensation for the supposed drawbacks of the Lancashire scheme that London would be in some measure set free from the congestion of work that is daily more and more oppressing it. London has to do the business of all the country besides its own, and it is hardly within the power of human diligence to secure that all shall be done well. A little leisure to attend to their own affairs would be to Londoners, in law as in many other things, a relief of great price.

We have no mind to undervalue those virtues of English justice and jurisprudence which depend on the centralized unity of our Bench and Bar. It was profound foresight or rare fortune that led our statesmen of the thirteenth century to fix the seat of the King's justice at Westminster, and yet send it forth into every shire from York to Exeter. Not for a moment would we support any plan tending to bring us nearer to the Continental fashion of multiplying local Courts of first instance, disconnected and comparatively obscure. But we see no such danger. The Court of Appeal may be trusted, we think, to preserve our unity of system and doctrine, and also, by frequently bringing up to London the best counsel of local reputation, to save them—if they need to be saved—from falling into anything like crass provincialism. Lawyers must indeed admit with regret that the reforms now suggested, like various changes already accomplished, will mark a certain falling off in the ancient dignity and pre-eminence of the profession. But that falling off comes of the nature of things, and is unavoidable. The mediæval eminence of law, which has partly survived into our own time, depended on the fact that no other liberal profession open to laymen was then in existence, medicine being in its infancy, or rather in an enforced second childhood. Such conditions could not last, and they have irrevocably passed away.

The ways and means of reform remain for consideration, and will have to be much considered. Expense must sooner or later be faced, for we cannot long avoid it by the seemingly cheap but in truth most costly process of setting one man to do two men's work. Meanwhile, there are palliatives not to be despised. Ancient local Courts are still at work in several of our towns which might be made in sundry ways more efficient than they are. Such is the Court of Passage in Liverpool, whose jurisdiction is subject to no limit of amount. On the other hand, the inferior limit of 20*l.* now set (in a somewhat roundabout but effectual manner which it is needless to specify) on the amount for which actions may be brought in the High Court appears to us to be far too low. It enables litigious

parties and solicitors of the worse sort to take up the time of the judges and officers of the Queen's Bench Division, and pile up wholly needless costs in trying matters of butchers' and bakers' bills which would be as well and more speedily and cheaply dealt with by the County Courts. The limit ought to be raised to 50*l.* This, we verily believe, would be a far more drastic and wholesome reform than any of the new rules of pleading and procedure which have been so copiously suggested. Lastly, it may be added that, unless and until it is found needful to increase the number of judges, everything short of this can, for aught we see, be done under the Judicature Acts by Order in Council or Rules of Court without rashly adding to the burdens of a staggering Parliament.

SPORT AND CRUELTY.

MR. ANDERSON'S Bill to extend to animals kept in confinement the existing law against cruelty to animals has apparently a very much better chance of becoming law than it has ever had until now. The recent action of the PRINCESS OF WALES has made dislike to pigeon-shooting fashionable. Her Royal Highness cannot be suspected of any want of sympathy with sport or sportsmen; and when she declines to be a visitor at Harlingham, and encourages other ladies to make a similar refusal, it must be because there is an obvious line to be drawn between pigeon-shooting and sport. The line in question coincides very accurately with the distinction drawn in Mr. ANDERSON'S Bill. Sport is the slaughter of wild animals; the slaughter of tame animals is not sport. At present the law draws an arbitrary distinction between domestic and other animals kept in confinement. It is unlawful to set a dog on a cat; but nothing, however revolting, that can be done to an animal kept in confinement, but not domesticated, would bring any penalty on the offender. Yet when once an animal has been caught it loses most of the characteristics which deprive the slaughter of wild animals of the brutality which is associated with the ill-usage of domestic animals. Caged animals are completely at our mercy. They have scarcely any means of escape, and they are often quite unfitted by their mode of life in confinement for the purpose to which they are turned. Few things, for example, can be more unlike the hunt of the wild deer than the hunt of a tame one. In the one case, to evade his natural enemies is one of the conditions of a stag's life. All his faculties are trained by constant practice to this one end. He knows every inch of the ground over which he is hunted, and how to make the best of all its natural features. The tame deer that is uncared for the amusement of a number of ladies and gentlemen who have come down by train from London is suddenly put to work for which it is altogether unfitted. It has neither the endurance nor the cunning which are called forth by the conditions of wild life, and we reasonably infer that it suffers more when the demands natural to a wild life are suddenly made on it. In the censures which have lately been passed upon the practice of hunting an uncared deer an attempt has sometimes been made to extend the condemnation to fox-hunting. To make the parallel complete, it would be necessary that foxes should be regularly kept in confinement, and then taken to the meet and let loose before the hounds. So long as the fox remains a really wild animal fox-hunting will not be open to the charge of cruelty, unless all sport is open to it.

We do not pretend that this distinction is open to no criticism. For example, the cruelty of shooting a pigeon is in itself not greater than the cruelty of shooting a pheasant or a partridge. Death is very commonly instantaneous in both cases; and if the pigeon gets away wounded, the nobler bird may do the same. It is the mental attitude of the sportsman in the two cases that makes the difference. There is something cold-blooded in the notion of catching and keeping a live animal in order that you may use it to test the accuracy of your aim, when a glass ball would serve the purpose equally well. Sport, again, is traditionally associated with some endurance on the part of the sportsman, and the physical and mental vigour which he gains in this way is the best of all reasons for the continuance of the practice. A community in which young, wealthy, and idle men were cut off from this way of spending their time would certainly suffer by the other methods to which they would resort in order to get rid of their superfluous

animal vigour. Pigeon-shooting cannot be defended on this ground. A man has neither to ride after hounds nor to walk in pursuit of the birds. It is true, no doubt, that the present tendency is to reduce some other forms of shooting to the same uninteresting level, and the slaughter of pheasants sometimes comes too near in its incidents to the slaughter of barn-door fowls. But though this tendency is to be regretted, it remains only a tendency, whereas in pigeon-shooting all pretence of endurance is laid aside, and the birds are brought to the sportsman instead of the sportsman going after the birds. It is a further and very serious objection to this bastard form of sport that it is becoming more and more associated with money. That is not in itself a point which the law can touch. A man might back himself to kill so many partridges in so many hours, just as well as to kill so many pigeons. But it is undoubtedly a mark of a lower kind of sport when it lends itself to be used habitually in this way, and as regards pigeon-shooting this is strictly true. But for this it would not have made the tour of Europe as it has now done. It ministers more than almost any other form of sport to the fashionable taste for gambling, and when it happens to be objectionable on other grounds as well, it is permissible to feel a certain satisfaction that its prohibition will have the incidental effect of checking, however slightly, a passion which cannot be too much discouraged on those rare occasions when it comes sufficiently in view to make discouragement possible.

There is another aspect of Mr. ANDERSON'S Bill which gives it a just claim on support, and that is the incidental protection it will give to a class of animals who now suffer a great deal without its being possible for any one to interfere in their behalf. A great deal of cruelty goes on in connexion with performing animals of various kinds. The state of partial submission into which lions or leopards are reduced for the purposes of exhibition has not always been attained by such gentle methods as those of the king of lion-tamers, HENRI MARTIN. When wild beasts are caught and caged for the amusement of visitors, they are as properly an object of reasonable protection as domestic animals. They are entirely at the mercy of their keeper, and the reasons which justify us in protecting a performing dog are equally applicable to the case of a performing elephant. From this point of view Mr. ANDERSON'S Bill may do more than protect performing animals; it may also lead to dangerous performances by "lion-kings" or "lion-queens" becoming less common. It is difficult to forbid dangerous exhibitions of this kind, because the law is necessarily ignorant of the precise conditions that go to make the danger, and it might easily forbid what was comparatively safe, and permit something which involved very great risk indeed. But when a measure has this effect over and above that which it was originally designed to have, it constitutes an additional recommendation. Mr. ANDERSON'S Bill may give an additional guarantee against the recurrence of the horrible scenes which have occasionally disgraced wild-beast exhibitions.

It will be a grave mistake if any one who is anxious to maintain the tradition of genuine sport in England should oppose Mr. ANDERSON'S Bill on the ground that some among those who support it would like to go further still and prohibit sport altogether. The true way to uphold a practice is to distinguish carefully between the use and the abuse of it. If the advocate for the defence omits to do this, he cannot count upon its being done by the advocate for the prosecution. If pigeon-shooting is defended as a form of sport, Mr. ANDERSON'S Bill may be defeated; but it will be at the cost of seeing sport in general attacked some day as being only a form of pigeon-shooting.

GROCCERS AND PUBLICANS.

GROCCERS and licensed victuallers are ordinarily animated by an inextinguishable mutual hatred. The grocers sell wine and spirits; the publicans, in a temper (as they are careful to tell us in advertisements) of "Defence not Defiance," retaliate by selling tea. For once, however, circumstances seem likely to unite the two in a common resistance to a common adversary. Hitherto the publican has watched with secret pleasure, if he has not actively taken part in, the attacks which total abstinents are constantly making on grocers' licences. Even if the terms on which these licences are granted were identical

with those that govern the issue of public-house licences, they would still put the grocers in direct competition with the licensed victuallers. But a grocer's licence—a licence, that is, for the sale of wines and spirits in sealed bottles for consumption at home—cannot be refused to any respectable applicant; whereas a publican may make his application for years without any result, if the licensing justices are of opinion that no more public-houses are wanted in the neighbourhood. Consequently, the grocer is regarded by the publican not merely as a rival, but as a rival who enjoys an unfair advantage. Why, he argues, should my neighbour be freely allowed to sell spirits enough to make a whole parish drunk, while I may not sell a single glass of brandy-and-water until I have satisfied some arbitrary regulation which the licensing magistrates choose to lay down for themselves? The grocer, on the other hand, has been accustomed to put himself forward as quite an apostle of temperance. One of their advocates even contends in the *Times* that the fact that traders under "off" licences can only sell in sealed bottles for home consumption should "in itself be a sufficient refutation of the charge that these licences have led to intemperance." He is seemingly of opinion that no man can get drunk in his own house. The publican retaliates by drawing a melancholy picture of the mischief which the sealed bottle does in the family. The public-house is the resort of men; women who have any character to lose are unwilling to be seen there. So long, therefore, as the publican and the wine-merchant were the only vendors of alcohol, women were practically debarred from it. The wine-merchant did not come within their reach, and from the public-house they were careful to keep away.

The decision given last November in the Over Darwen case by the Queen's Bench Division has changed this mutual irritation into a fear lest the total abstinence should prove too strong for both. Besides the licences issued to grocers there is another variety of "off" licences which is granted to beer-dealers, and by an Act of last Session the licensing justices are left at liberty "in their free and unqualified discretion, either to refuse a certificate for any licence for sale of beer by retail to be consumed off the premises, or to grant the same to such persons as they deem fit and proper." "Free and unqualified discretion" is a pretty strong phrase, but until the point was settled by the Queen's Bench Division it was not admitted, by the holders of the licences to the issue of which it referred, that it extended to the renewal of licences already in force. The question was raised by the Justices of Over Darwen, who, at their licensing sessions next after the passing of the Act, refused 34 out of 72 subsisting off beer licences, on the ground that they were not wanted, and they were upheld in this exercise of their discretion by the Superior Court. Had the case not been noticed by Lord HARTINGTON in his speech at Bacup, the licensed victualler might have thought that this decision was only sauce for his enemy the grocer. If licences for the sale of beer to be drunk off the premises can be harmlessly placed by Parliament at the "free and unqualified discretion" of the justices, why may not licences for the sale of single bottles of wine and spirits to be drunk off the premises be subjected to a similar discretion? But Lord HARTINGTON showed that the decision might be sauce for the publican as well. What, he hinted, if the question should be raised as to the ordinary licences, and it should be discovered that in this also the licensing justices have a discretion with regard to the renewal of subsisting licences similar to that which they have with regard to the issue of new licences? If this theory were to be upheld, local option would be already in possession of the field. It would not indeed be a local option of the precise kind beloved by Sir WILFRID LAWSON, because it would be exercised by justices instead of the ratepayers. But that it might be equally stringent in its operation is shown by the example of the Justices of Over Darwen. If they could reduce the number of off beer licences by one-half in order to bring the number within their notion of the abstract wants of the district, they might, if they had the opportunity, take a similar view of the wants of the district in the matter of public-houses. What is true of one licensing bench is conceivably true of all; and with the recent extraordinary spread of the total abstinence movement, it is pretty certain that it would be actually true of a good many. It is this danger that has brought together the publican and the grocer. Both are attacked

by the total abstainer, and the forces he can bring to bear on both are so numerous that it is felt instinctively that this is no time for the indulgence of mutual discord.

Upon any principle of justice such a decision, supposing it ever to be given, would at once be recognized as a fitting occasion for remedial legislation. It is possible that some unnoticed phrase in an Act of Parliament may be held to give the justices a discretion as to the renewal of subsisting licences even when no fault can be found with the conduct of the holder. If such a phrase should be discovered, the holder of a licence would have no title to compensation in the event of his bread being taken from him by statute. So long as he has a right to have his licence annually renewed, it constitutes a property, and sometimes a very valuable property. If the licence only holds good for a year, its worth determines with the year. There is all the difference between the two cases that there is between the claim to compensation set up by the holder of a lease renewable for ever and that set up by a yearly tenant. Whatever the law may hereafter be discovered to say, there can be no question that for years past publicans have been permitted and encouraged to invest large sums in the purchase and improvement of public-houses in the full belief that the money, if judiciously laid out, could at any time be realized by the sale of the goodwill. If, therefore, it should turn out that the goodwill is worth nothing—as, supposing licences to be renewable at the discretion of the justices, it would turn out—an Act ought certainly to be passed to restore to the licensed victualler the immunity on the faith of which he has sunk his money. Whether in the present temper of the public, and with the general disposition that exists to regard any means as justifiable provided that the diminution of drinking is the end, any such statute would be passed is, we fear, exceedingly doubtful.

It is not unlikely that an effort may be made to extend the Act of last year to off licences for the sale of wines and spirits. Legislation of this kind would not be open to objection on the score of interference with property. If grocers were forbidden to sell wines and spirits, they would only be the poorer by such profits as they might hereafter have made on their sales. They have not sunk any appreciable amount of capital in the business, and, as the licences cannot under the existing law be refused to any respectable applicant, they carry with them nothing in the nature of a vested interest. At the same time such a change in the law would be a most unwarrantable interference with personal liberty. The only valid reason for interfering with the sale of intoxicating drinks is that the consumption of them leads to a breach of police regulations. When they are drunk on the premises such a breach is always possible. Drinking may lead to drunkenness, and drunkenness in a place of public resort usually leads to disorder. When a man takes wine or spirits away with him, he may of course get as drunk at home as he could have done at a public-house. But if he does, no one is the worse for it but himself and his family. No doubt they may be very much the worse for it; but that is not a point of which the law can take notice, except upon the mischievous hypothesis of the anti-liquor-trade fanatics, that men who only wish to drink in moderation may be inconvenienced for the benefit of those who wish to drink in excess. That is the assumption which underlies most of the temperance proposals which spring up in such abundance every year; and it cannot be too strenuously insisted on that, if once it is admitted, there is no stopping short of more extreme suggestions, except at a sacrifice of logic and consistency which nowadays men find it hard to make.

SEAMY SIDE OF THE VEDIC RELIGION.

SOME time ago we sketched the seamy side of Greek religion. We now propose to do no less for the seamy side of the religion and mythology of Vedic worshippers. It may seem almost blasphemous to say that the Vedas have their seamy side; but truths even more painful, if possible, than this must be faced in the sacred interests of science. Mr. Max Müller has recently said, in *India: What it can Teach Us*, that "in the Veda we have a nearer approach to a beginning, and an intelligible beginning, than in the wild invocations of Hottentots and Bushmen." The Vedas, according to Mr. Müller, are the religious hymns of a highly civilized people, of a people whose ancestors were practically civilized before the Aryan separation, before the language in

which the hymns were chanted was a language at all. It is difficult to see how the religion of a society so long matured can be nearer "the beginning" than the religion of races who have not yet evolved or accepted civilized society. Again, there is nothing particularly "wild" in some of the "invocations" of Bushmen, Qing, an uncorrupted Bushman, gave the first Europeans he met, Mr. Orpen and his companions, the following account of the rudiments of his faith. "He said, 'Cagn made all things, and we pray to him.' I said (Mr. Orpen writes) 'How do you pray to him?' Answer, in a low imploring voice, 'O Cagn, O Cagn, are we not your children; do you not see our hunger? Give us food! And he gives us both hands full!'" (*Cape Monthly Magazine*, July 1874). Take an example of the "wild invocations" of the Banks islanders. Here is the prayer of a Papuan in danger at sea. He addresses Qat:—"Qate, Marawa! Look down on me, smooth the sea for us two, that I may go safely on the sea. Beat down for me the crests of the tide-rip, and I may come to a quiet landing-place" (Codrington, "Religious Beliefs in Melanesia," *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, Feb. 1881). Compare the prayer of Odysseus to the Phæacian river:—"O king, whosoever thou art, unto thee am I come as to one that receiveth prayer. . . . nay pity me, O king, for I avow myself thy suppliant." So spake he, and the god stayed his stream and withheld his waves and made the water smooth before him." These Greek, Bushman, and Papuan prayers are all on a level, and all are not only near the beginning, but near the heart, of religious hope. It is true that Cagn is a kind of grasshopper, and Marawa a spider. But the religious sentiment is there, undisturbed by the ludicrous myths of the spider and the grasshopper. We propose to show that, civilized and ancient as was the society which produced the Vedic poems, yet the faith of Vedic worshippers was very near akin in the wildness of its details and of its mythology to the faith of Bushmen and Hottentots. The evidence for Vedic religion is to be found, of course, in the hymns of the Veda and in the ritual of the Brahmanas. Dates cannot be given with any certainty, but we may assume the collection of the Veda to be not later than 1000 B.C., while the Brahmanas (directions for the ritual of sacrifice and explanations of the separate details) may, we presume, be three or four hundred years later. The Brahmanas, however, contain many myths and legends which may be as old as, or even older than, the Vedas; just as the *scholia* on Homer contain legends which, in one form or another, may be older than the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*. Other legends are clearly the late explanatory inventions of a superstitious priesthood, working on the old lines of mythological belief.

In speaking of the seamy side of Greek religion, we laid stress on the long survival of human sacrifice. In the Rig Veda human sacrifice has left its traces, but the practice chiefly endures in symbols and substitutes. Behind the Veda, earlier than the Veda, "nearer the beginning" than the Veda, was the age of human sacrifice. Wilson writes (*R. V. i. 59. 63; i. xxiv.*) that "it is inferrible from some passages that human sacrifices were not unknown, although infrequent." One famous story is accepted as proof that human sacrifice was, if not actually practised, at least a lively recollection of the religious spirit. Among other passages, a valuable example is found in the *Satapatha Brahmana* (*Sacred Books of the East*, vol. xii. p. 49). A cake is offered as a substitute for an animal "which, it would seem, was originally a substitute for the human sacrifice." "At first the gods," says the *Satapatha Brahmana*, "offered up a man as a victim. When he was offered up, the sacrificial essence went out of him. It entered into the horse," and thence into a number of animal victims. Finally it entered the earth and was dug up in rice and barley, and therefore rice and barley cakes are now substituted for human and animal sacrifices. Similar substitutes for human sacrifice, "men of straw," are now offered by the Oraons, a wild tribe of India, and by other races. A curious vestige of human sacrifice is found in a famous hymn, the Ninetieth of the Tenth Book of the Rig Veda. The hymn tells us how all things were made out of the mangled limbs of a magnified non-natural man, Purusha. Now whether this hymn be an ancient one or not, whether it be "near the beginning" or not, the legend which it relates is found among Scandinavians, Iroquois, Egyptians, Greeks, and other races. Among these peoples the world, or great part of it, is constructed out of the mangled frame of a non-natural man or giant. Among the Vedic bards the man or god is Purusha; among the Iroquois he is Chokanipok; among the Scandinavians he is Ymir; Omorcas among the Chaldeans; and the savage Tinnehs have their representative of Purusha. Among the Tinnehs not a man, but a dog, is the victim. The limbs of Set and Osiris in Egypt, of Dionysus Zagreus in Greece, of Ru in Mangaia, were "utilized" in the manufacture of various plants, stones, animals, and metals. We have never observed these coincidences noted by learned disputants as to the meaning of the myth of Purusha. The only peculiarity of the Vedic hymn is its ritual character. In the other stories the giants were sliced into component parts of the universe in a rude casual way, in the Purusha Sukta the gods sacrifice Purusha with all due attention to ritual. "These were the earliest rites," says the Rig Veda; and very nice rites they were, and uncommonly "near the beginning." Necessarily the ritual details must be later than the elaboration of sacrifice (whether that be late or early), but the general savage conception is a feature of the myths of very backward races in various parts of the world. Haug observes,

and we partly agree with him, that "the ideas which the hymn contains are certainly of a primeval antiquity. In fact the hymn is found in the Yajur Veda, among the formulae connected with human sacrifices, which were formerly practised in India. Were we to pursue the topic of cosmogonic myths among the Vedic people, it would be easy to show that Vishnu, when in the shape of a boar he brought up the world from the waters, was equivalent to the North American coyotes and musk-rats, who performed the same useful feat. The myth of the origin of species in the *Satapatha Brahmana* is "very curious and disgusting." Purusha was alone in the world. He differentiated himself into husband and wife; afterwards the woman reflected that Purusha was both her father and lord. Reasoning that their union was a crime, she assumed all manner of animal forms, and became in each shape the mother of a separate species. The animal metamorphoses and amatory pursuits of Zeus, Kronos, Demeter, Nemesis, and other Greek gods are analogous to this singular story. In the *Satapatha Brahmana* the earth was only the size of a span. A boar called Eruka fished it up. Here the myth recurs among the Navajoes, while the boar, as we have said, recalls the musk-rat of the Taculies. He, too, fished up a fragment of soil, which grew into the earth as we know it. If the Brahmanas are "near the beginning" of thought, they are also near the notions of the Taculies and the Navajoes. Of course the Aryan mind has not been idle. When we find the *Satapatha Brahmana* declaring that all creatures are descended from a tortoise, we seem to be among the Indians of the North Pacific coast, or the Australians who derive men from lizards. But when the Tortoise is identified with Aditya, and when the Adityas prove to be solar deities, and when Aditi, their mother, is recognized as the Dawn, the Earth, or Attica (according to the interpretations of various scholars), then we perceive the superiority of Aryan fancy.

The gods in Vedic religion are, on the whole, to be regarded as the usual departmental deities of Polytheism. They do not confine themselves to their departments, and now one, now another god is regarded as supreme, for the moment, probably by a bard in whose clan that god received peculiar honour. The gods are, in many cases, nature-gods; that is, Thunder, Fire, the Heaven, and so forth are worshipped as personal beings; and a god who directs thunder, or animates fire, or controls heaven, is next evolved in fancy. But it is a peculiarity of the savage imagination to regard the great powers and phenomena of nature not only as persons, but as savage persons. Now the savage draws no fixed line between himself and the other things, animate or inanimate, in the world. He, or at least his medicine man, may become a bird, beast, or fish; may transform others into the same shapes; may fly in the air; may influence the weather; may "milk the sky-cow," as the Zulus say, or "trap the Thunder-bird," as Kaffirs and Red Men believe. Now when the savage worships Thunder, the Heaven, the Wind, or what not, he worships them as persons, and moreover as persons gifted with the power of transmigration and with the other accomplishments we have described. He "anthropomorphizes" the powers of nature; but the anthropomorphic shape in which he casts them is all unlike our civilized conception of what is anthropomorphic. He makes gods in what he conceives to be his own image, and a very odd image it is. All peoples do the same. The ritualistic compilers of the Brahmanas make their gods constantly engaged in sacrifice; always busy with ritual details that drive away the evil spirits; always engaged in magical austerities. But the conservatism of religion does not allow the Vedic believer, while he regards his gods as constantly occupied in ritual, to discard the older savage notions, according to which the gods behaved just like savage sorcerers. Consequently the Veda and the Brahmanas often show us the gods in animal form, fighting with animals, afraid of enemies (the Asuras), changing their foes into stars, and in other ways behaving just like the half-anthropomorphic and half-theriomorphic deities of the Australians, Hottentots, and Bushmen. The origin of the gods is conceived of in various ways. Sometimes, as in Greek, Maori, and Mangaian myths, Heaven and Earth are regarded as two persons indissolubly united, who begat the gods, and were finally thrust apart by their own offspring, by Maui, or Kronos, or Indra. The gods are not naturally or necessarily immortal, any more than they are in Scandinavian mythology. They drink immortality from the charmed ocean of milk, or, in an earlier myth, they overcome Death by means of certain sacrifices, much to the chagrin of Death. Coming to individual gods, we find a legend about Indra which may or may not be "near the beginning" of religious thought, but which is painfully near the ideas of the Hottentots, which are wild. "What god, O Indra, was present in the fray when thou didst slay thy father, seizing him by the foot?" asks a Vedic poet (R. V. iv. 18. 12) quoted by Dr. Muir. To explain this Vedic text (which in itself is a little damaging) a passage from the Black Yajur Veda is quoted. "Yajna desired Dakshina. He consorted with her. Indra was apprehensive of this. He reflected, 'Whoever is born of her, will be *this*.' Having considered, he"—took steps which caused Dakshina to produce a cow. Thus the Rig Veda observes (iv. 18. 1):—"His mother, a cow, bore Indra, an unlicked calf." Now Heitsi-Eibib, a god of the Namias, was also borne by a cow. "There was grass growing, and a cow came and ate of that grass, and she brought forth a young bull." This bull was Heitsi-Eibib (*Tsuni Goom: the Supreme Being of the Hottentots*, Hahn. P. 68). The Veda and the "wild invocations of the Hottentots" are not so absolutely discrepant, then, in their accounts of the birth of gods. Indra is

also said to be referred to in the Veda as a Ram, "of which," says Wilson, "no very satisfactory explanation is given," though the Ram-God of ancient Egypt is familiar to all, and was worshipped (Herodotus, ii. 32) with rites precisely like those of the Buzzard among the Indians of California. The Ram, like the Buzzard, was sacred all the year; but on one solemn day the Ram, like the Buzzard, was sacrificed to himself. By an interesting coincidence, Indra, the Sheep, and the Kshattriya caste were all born at one moment from the breast and arms of Prajapati, as, in the Mangaian myth, Tangaroa was born from the arm of Papa. Whether such ideas are the birth of civilized thought, or are retained from a state of thought like that of Hottentots and Mangaian of the past, it seems almost superfluous to inquire. According to a Vedic hymn, Indra cannot well have been a god from the beginning, for he "conquered heaven by austerity," a method of obtaining celestial promotion which is open to mortals. Indra was a great soma-drinker. He once swigged thirty bowls of soma, though Dr. Haug, who has tried the liquor, could only manage one teaspoonful. According to Sayana, Indra took the shape of a quail when he went for the soma, as Odin was an eagle when he flew off with the mead, and Yehl (the Thlinket god) was in a raven's shape when he stole the water. Indra's great feat was the slaughter of a serpent, which, like the frog in the Murri and Californian myths, had swallowed all the water. Indra also recovered some cows belonging to the gods which had been stolen.

It would take several articles to unfold all the seamy side of Vedic religion. We have merely touched on Indra; the *chronique scandaleuse* of his divine companions must be left untold, or told in a future essay. Suffice it to remark that, as Racine says of the Greek gods, burning was too good for most of the Vedic deities, if we regard them in the seamy aspect of their legend. That lofty moral prayers are addressed to such creatures is a proof of the conservatism of religion, and of that moral advance by which men's ethical conceptions are always moving beyond the religious ideas bequeathed by their past experience. If any one wishes to see at a glance how much savage thought persisted till the age of the Brahmanas, let him compare the myths of the constellations (*Satapatha Brahmana, Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. XII., pp. 282-286) with the similar myths in Brough Smyth's *Aborigines of Victoria*, or with any collection of savage stellar myths which he may have at hand. The prize for ferocious license of puerile fancy must be given to the Brahmanas. Mr. Müller says the contrast between the myths of real savages and those of Aryans is "strong," though "very difficult to explain." We think the chief difference is that the savage myths are told, *sans phrase*, by people to whom they still seem natural, while Aryans have sometimes added their ritualistic ideas to the savage myths they retain, and have sometimes attempted to explain them away as allegories, or as founded on linguistic misconceptions. Except on the hypothesis that Aryans came civilized into the world, they must have descended from savage ancestors. That they retained savage practices, such as human sacrifice and much worse things, is universally admitted. Why should they not have retained savage ideas in religion and mythology, especially as of savage ideas Aryan mythology and religion are full to the brim?

A NEW REVIEW.

THE *National Review*—which, as its conductors not unreasonably remark, has been advertised for them in a singularly obliging way by members and supporters of the Government—has signified its compliance with modern ideas by publishing its March number considerably in advance of the kalends of that month. As things at present stand, a March review which was published in March would steal a march (the month of hares and madness excuses such a pun) on its compeers for April, but might otherwise seem behindhand, which probably excuses the actual appearance of the present venture at its actual date. The *National* has also condescended to existing prejudices by appearing with signed articles. On this question the most important document that exists—Mr. John Morley's valedictory address in quitting the *Fortnightly*—is not altogether encouraging; but probably here also it *fallait s'exécuter*. The advantages and drawbacks of anonymity are by this time pretty well known. Names no doubt serve as a certain attraction; but, at the same time, they oblige in a fashion not altogether or always desirable. The average reader is, on the one hand, prone to look rather at the names than at the work; he is, on the other, prone to judge the work from the names; and especially he is apt to tie certain labels on to certain names, and to refuse to listen to what the writers have to say if they do not speak with what he supposes to be authority. All this is known; and it is to be supposed that the conductors of the *National Review* have thought over it beforehand, and have decided that there is not enough in it to justify departure from what is now almost a rule in monthly periodicals. Of thirteen articles in the present number only one appears with a pseudonym, and one (that on current politics) unsigned.

There is a difficulty which every one who has ever been concerned in literary ventures understands very well in designing a new attempt of this kind. Only once or twice in a century does a periodical appear which is absolutely unlike anything else, and it requires a remarkable combination of circumstance and talent to make such a periodical succeed. The safer thing probably is to wear the prevalent rue, but to wear it with a difference sufficient

to give individuality; and this seems to be the line which the conductors of the *National Review* have resolved to follow. Their difference is a sufficiently remarkable one. It would appear that the Review is to be written by Conservatives, not necessarily for Conservatives, but in a Conservative spirit, and two articles by Mr. Alfred Austin and Mr. Courthope draw out the lines of the scheme. There have often been reviews which in a sense were written by members of a party in the party spirit. In the case of the two venerable quarterlies, it is very well remembered that there was a time when Shakespeare would have had no chance with the *Edinburgh* because of his undoubted Toryism, and when Milton would have heard *des belles* from the *Quarterly* merely because he was an equally undoubted Whig. This process had the merit of simplicity; but it is not quite clear that it had any other merit, and it does not appear to be that on which the new Review is to be conducted. Indeed a Tory of the Tories—Swift—receives in this very number very hard and, as we venture to think, very undeserved language from Lord Carnarvon. Some curiosity may therefore be felt as to what is the principle of this venture which seems to have so terribly fluttered the Radical doves. Mr. Alfred Austin has made a fair point against Lord Richard Grosvenor's remark that "nothing ever went into Conservatism and nothing ever came out of it" by reminding him that Mr. Gladstone, whom he and his are supposed to consider something, came out of it. A more illiberal or old-fashioned critic might have been tempted to ask what ever came out of Lord Richard Grosvenor except a competitive scheme for the Channel Tunnel, or went into him except the conviction that it was necessary to make common cause with Sir Edward Watkin. But that would have been in the spirit of an earlier day, and Mr. Austin has wisely resisted the temptation. Here, at any rate, is a Review of portly bulk, which boasts itself to have come out of Conservatism, and to have designs at least to bring many things into Conservatism. We are not very certain whether for the word Conservatism we have much affection. A party nickname should always be meaningless, so that it may acquire its own natural connotation. Mr. Austin has entitled his paper from a phrase of Lord Beaconsfield's "Above all, no programme." There is perhaps too much programme in the word Conservative. However, Gallio may justly observe that this is a question of words and names.

The Review opens by a kind of dialogue-narrative by one Thomas Tantivy. The ignorance of the present generation being very remarkable, it may be necessary to explain that Tantivy is an appellation very well known in English history for a high Tory. Mr. Tantivy, however, rather to our surprise, announces himself as a scion of a Whig family who has drifted into Conservatism. He interviews many people not by any means unamusingly. There is Lord Sangfroid, who talks very much as Sir William Harcourt would talk if he were a little younger, or Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice if he were not a younger son. Mr. Corkhouse is a pillar-of-the-people's-hopes Gladstonite, like Mr. Horace Davey, except that, unlike Mr. Horace Davey, he is not even a good lawyer. There is a High Churchman who cannot forgive the Public Worship Regulation Act, and a Low Churchman who is horrified at Lord Salisbury for subscribing to the Pusey Memorial. There is a Sussex farmer with views as to the advantages of doing away with extraordinary tithe, and a Parliamentary tactician who, though a Tory, believes in public opinion. Mr. Tantivy moralizes not dully, and resolves to let everybody state his case in the *National Review*, to see how these things may be reconciled. This is the "symposium" idea, of course, but if it be carried out in the spirit of the introduction, it will at any rate not be dull. Mr. Austin's article already touched upon follows, and is also to a certain extent explanatory. Then Lord Carnarvon, under the title of "The First of March, 1711," has something to say of the *Spectator*, which appeared on that date. Then we have a very solid and very excellent article of Canon Gregory's on "The Work of the Church," and then, by much the best paper in the whole number, Mr. Courthope's "Conservatism in Art." This—which may be considered to give the key-note of the intended treatment of subjects throughout, though it is nominally limited to art and literature—defines the standpoint of comparative criticism and, in a sense, pessimist disbelief in perfectibility as against the evolutionist theory of constant improvement. Perhaps Mr. David Hannay's vigorous and forcible motion for leave to dislike Mr. Rossetti's paintings, which is the only art paper in the number, does not fully carry out Mr. Courthope's theories, for in parts at least it looks a little as if the advocate were moving for an injunction to restrain every one else from liking them. But as a rejection of impressionist criticism it has its proper place. Mr. Mallock discourses on "Radicalism and the People" with much of the political orthodoxy which makes some people forgive his occasional impertinence, and with a little of the impertinence which makes the general public of these days condone his political orthodoxy. The breadth of the *National Review* may be argued from the appearance of Mr. Mallock, and also the prudence of its conductors. Mr. Mallock, unsatisfactory as he must be to Conservative art, is a kind of political Salvationist, a *Roi des Tafurs* in the crusading army, and it does not do to discourage such friends in these days. Mr. A. J. Balfour is interesting and intelligent about Berkeley; Lord Middleton speaks to the point about Ireland; Mr. Perry gives an important article on judicial reform in Egypt; while last, though not in order or in value, comes a capital "Reverie at Brooks's on Permeation," in which the public spirit of

the Whigs evolves itself in agreeable verses and in its accustomed manner.

Thus the *National Review* is a very creditable periodical intrinsically, and it may be argued without rashness that there will not be a better number among the March magazines. But what will be really most interesting to political and literary students will be to see whether it can be kept up to the level of Mr. Courthope's essay. That there is a certain fundamental difference of view pervading not merely politics, but ethics, philosophy, literature, art, theology—everything, in short, except the mere matter-of-fact investigation of the brute forces and operations of nature—there can be very little doubt. This difference manifests itself in ways conditioned of course by the subject in which it is for the moment exhibited, and it is by no means rigidly uniform in the fashion of its particular exhibition. Thus, for instance, it is quite conceivable that there may be orthodox Tories as little stupid as it is possible for a Tory to be who admires *Sibylla Palmifera* and *Manna Vanna* as much as Mr. Hannay despises them, and who by no means share Mr. Courthope's unquestioning reverence for Milton. In partial proof of this the name of one Johnson, whom Mr. Courthope also reverences, may be suggested, though we are not prepared to say that Johnson would have thought well of the late Mr. Rossetti. This, however, is a digression. It is, let us repeat, indubitable that there is a certain idiosyncrasy of mind which extends and co-ordinates itself through all departments of intellectual activity, and which may be called Conservative, just as there is another equally extensive which may be called Radical. The object of the *National Review* is avowedly to elicit expressions of the former kind of opinion, and to arrange them together. If the editors of the *National Review* will take from us a title of their work in the venerable language of scholastic philosophy, we might describe it as a *Summa totius conservatismi per quæstiones quodlibetales exquisita*. The thing may be difficult, but it should not be impossible, and it ought certainly to be interesting. It is evident from what has been said that it does not exclude a very considerable latitude of individual judgment, though it may presume a certain identity in the way of judging. It will not be an easy thing to manage; of that the editors are probably much better aware than we are. It will require, in a phrase which has perhaps been more laughed at than understood, though in its way it may have been an unlucky one, the awakening of considerable "dormant talent"—that is to say, hack-writing will not do in reference to it. It is, in short, a much more ambitious enterprise than any of the kind recently undertaken. But it has in its favour one great point. It will appeal to the rebellious element in man. This may seem a paradox; but the simple truth is that for fifty years the commonplaces of a certain kind of Liberalism have ruled in "kirk and market" until even the stoutest of Liberals, provided he be not stupid, must surely feel inclined for a change.

THE NOTICE PAPER.

THE sure and certain hope entertained by Her Majesty's Ministers that Clôture and the Grand Committees will expedite public business is apparently shared by private members, and they are fully prepared to profit by the labours of last year's autumn Session. Simplifications of Parliamentary Procedure were not proposed with the object of smoothing the way for active members who have a little plan for reforming things in general, or even something in particular. They were laboriously thought out, argued out, and carried through with very different intentions. The road was to be cleared of the innumerable obstructions which hampered the progress of the Parliamentary machine. But it was always possible that they might have another and a less welcome effect. That Parliament could get through more work was likely to seem a very good reason for giving it more to do. While Procedure remained unreformed, private members had to be content to see themselves put aside. The undoubted fact that, while the Rules of the House continued to be what they were, it was barely possible to carry Government measures was a tolerable excuse to put before a constituency when it had to be informed that nothing had been done, and why. But thanks to the New Regulations that excuse is no longer valid. The private member who has an efficient little nostrum to recommend can now go on his way with a pleasant sense that he has his road clear before him. The New Regulations have no reason for existing except for the purpose of helping more to be done, and from the private member's point of view nothing is so necessary to be done as the little measure he has to recommend. It is therefore not at all unlikely that the bores over whose future discomfiture Lord Hartington exulted at the beginning of last Session will be more active than ever. They will not be frightened by the New Regulations, but will put the Ministry in the dilemma of either allowing as much time to be wasted as formerly, or of continually using the Clôture, which was to have been kept in reserve for great occasions.

It certainly does not appear from the look of the Notice Paper that fewer demands will be made on the time of the House of Commons than of old. The vagueness of the Government list of Bills to be introduced, which gives it such an attractive air of modesty, is counterbalanced by extreme precision on the part of independent members. The Cabinet cannot say anything definite as to what they mean to do about legislation for Ireland, but the Irish members are at hand to make up the deficiency. Of the

ninety-five notices of questions to be asked, or of motions for leave to bring in a Bill, put on the paper on the opening night, fourteen had reference to Irish affairs. Mr. Parnell may or may not condescend to answer the impassioned appeals made to him to assure the country that he had nothing to do with the murder conspiracy at Dublin, but he has his eye on the Land Act, and means to have it amended. The House will be asked at an early day by Mr. Tottenham to consider the administration of that great measure of pacification. Mr. Justin McCarthy is going to the root of Ireland's difficulties, and has a Bill to be introduced for the abolition of the Castle. Mr. O'Donnell has begun his usual Parliamentary course of insolence and insult on the lines of his well-known motion for a return of all cases of wife-beating in England as an offset to outrages in Ireland. The impertinence of his proposed repeal of the Prevention of Crimes Bill is the most appropriate answer that he or any of his party could make to the invitation addressed to them to dissociate themselves from the assassination conspiracy. The hope that Ireland could be kept in the background for even one Session was doubtless not accompanied by much confidence even in the Ministerial bosom; and the House may after recent experience even think it has got off very cheap as yet. In any case, other old familiar friends are back again on the Notice Paper. The great army of fad-mongers is represented not less fairly than usual. The deceased wife's sister is eager to make her appearance again and claim sympathy for the interesting martyrs who have broken the law in order to indulge their passions, and who now ask for a Bill of indemnity. For the present a happy accident has saved the House from wasting a night over perhaps the most impudent and absurd proposal—not having reference to Ireland—ever made to it. Mr. Caine is to the fore with that other matrimonial fad—the abolition of actions for breach of promise of marriage. It does not appear from the reports that Mr. Caine's notice was saluted by the laugh which greeted many others of a much less essentially humorous character. It is in itself the funniest little enthusiasm ever known. Mr. Caine has now worked for some years to defend quite imaginary people from purely imaginary ills, and he is apparently as resolute in his purpose as ever. The lovers of unsavoury subjects who are not to be tired of the Contagious Diseases Acts will be early at work calling attention and moving resolutions on the subject. The advocates of Local Option are in the field. Mr. Vivian is ready with his Bill for Sunday Closing in Cornwall in his hand, and duly encouraged by the support of Sir W. Harcourt. Mr. Pease is prepared to do his share of worrying the country into gin-drinking at home by bringing about a prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors in Durham on Sunday. Mr. Carbutt means to do the same good service for Monmouthshire, and Mr. Richardson to renew and amend the Act which is helping to produce such excellent effects in Ireland. All these are good and sufficient fads; but they are wholly surpassed, as it was only in the nature of things that they should be, by an Irish delusion on a large scale and of a familiar kind. Captain Aylmer has a Bill for encouraging the development of the industrial resources of Ireland, which is to put everything in that country right by some more or less ingeniously disguised form of bribery with English money.

Even Lord Hartington, when most jubilant at the prospect of seeing the bores of the House cut down in swaths by the keen edge of Clôture, probably never supposed that they would be got rid of for ever. The utmost that he hoped was that they would be cut short at a reasonably early period. Very obviously, if the new weapon is to be used at all, there will be abundant opportunity this Session. But it is unfortunately only too probable that it will be least used where it is most needed. The Local Optionists—if it be permissible to use such a word—who might with great advantage to everybody be told to hold their peace while things of genuine importance were being discussed, will have their talk out. Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his friends speak for a certain number of voters, and they must be treated accordingly. They must at least be allowed to talk. Something may be done by the New Regulations to restrict the abuse of the right of asking questions. Fussy gentlemen who burn to distinguish themselves and shine in the eyes of their constituents will find that the rope allowed them is considerably shorter than formerly. But it is in the highest degree improbable that any of the New Rules will do much to prevent waste of time, unless Ministers suddenly develop a stoical indifference to popularity in large constituencies. The validity of all rules wholly depends on the way in which they are enforced; and, if the authorities are willing to stretch a point in favour of persons from whom they expect support and services, it will probably be found that very little has been gained by any of the new devices for saving public time. It will be interesting to see what reception is given to Alderman Fowler's proposal that the Indian Budget should be brought in earlier in the Session. That is a change in the order of public business which has a great deal to recommend it. The Indian Budget should certainly, as Mr. Fowler insists, be introduced at a period when it can be fully discussed, but as a matter of fact its full discussion depends far less on the time at which it is put before the House than on the disposition of members to discuss it with care and fulness when it is at last there. And that, as we all know, is almost null, for an obvious reason. The constituencies care nothing at all about the details of Indian finance, and what they do not care about is naturally highly indifferent to their members. Mr. Onslow may stir up some excitement when "on an early day" he calls attention "to the payment by the Indian Exchequer of certain expenses incurred in consequence of the recent operations in Egypt." If Mr.

Gladstone is back from Cannes by that "early day," it will be highly interesting to all of us who admire (and who does not?) his unrivalled skill in the splitting of hairs to see how he will reconcile this financial arrangement with his famous definition of a similar measure when taken by the other side as a "swindle." It is always interesting to see Mr. Gladstone perform these feats; but, though his presence may confer a certain interest even on a discussion on Indian finance, the thing itself will be as tedious as ever to the House. It will be thrust into the background to make room for such popular subjects as we have already mentioned—deceased wife's sister or local option.

As usual, the Notice Paper illustrates the immense multiplicity of the business with which Parliament has to deal. It is called upon to touch everything—from legal reforms of the greatest importance down to the smallest details of administration. Just alongside of one another are two notices which are at the two extremes. First comes a lengthy proposal to appoint a Select Committee to inquire how far the most is made of the national museums. It winds up with that favourite nostrum of the new reformers, a suggestion that a new Ministry should be created. The Committee is only asked to "inquire into the expediency of placing all the national collections under the direct control of one responsible Minister"; but Mr. J. Collings has doubtless made up his own mind as to what the decision ought to be. It is rapidly becoming an article of political faith in this country that a new Minister is a cure for all evils. The following and almost equally lengthy motion is to ask the House on March 9 to set about fighting the laws of nature by establishing a class of peasant proprietors. It would have been more accurately worded if Parliament had been at once asked to create a large semi-pauper class for the benefit of money-lenders. By way doubtless of affording a wholesome and much-needed corrective to the unco-guaid advocates of Sunday closing, Colonel Barne is going to introduce a Bill to secure the purity of the beer which Mr. Vivian, who follows him on the list, would like to find it impossible to obtain. The colonial affairs of this great Empire have their share of the Notice Paper in a way sufficiently appropriate to the present régime. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has to call attention to that great feat of statesmanship and diplomacy, the Transvaal Convention, and Mr. Gorst to do as much for British subjects resident in that country. The advantages of an equivocal position will be shown when Sir G. Campbell calls attention "to the social and political troubles likely to arise from the alienation of the soil in Egypt," and moves his resolution. Once again Lord Henry Lennox will give the *Times* an opening for mild satire by pointing out that the condition and strength of our ironclad fleet is not all that could be desired. The theatres are also to be looked after, and Mr. Shields will endeavour to earn gratitude from the playgoers of Oxford and Cambridge by amending the Act which empowers the Vice-Chancellors to prohibit the performance of stage plays in those towns. It is devoutly to be hoped that the removal of the Parliamentary Temple Bar will make it at last possible to drive the traditional four omnibuses abreast, for there is certainly no want of omnibuses to be driven.

FECHTER.

PLAYGOERS who have not forgotten the delight which they used to receive from the acting of Fechter—and it must be said to the credit of English that they are more mindful in such matters than French playgoers—may be agreeably reminded of past joys by the appearance in the "American Actor" series of a monograph on Fechter by Miss Kate Field, who is very well qualified for the task she has undertaken. The important part which Fechter played in altering the conditions of English stage work was not long ago pointed out by Mr. Comyns Carr in a very interesting and keen paper, on which we remarked at the time of its appearance, while at the same time we ventured to think that Mr. Carr was if anything less than just to Fechter as an actor. He spoke of Fechter's claims to remembrance as a player resting solely on his melodramatic powers, and no doubt he was an exceptionally fine actor of melodrama—possibly the finest French actor of melodrama who has appeared since the days of the great Frédéric—but there was more in him than talent or even genius for pure melodrama; and there might have been very much more produced by him but for certain faults or misfortunes of temperament or temper which Miss Field does not attempt to conceal. Whether these faults might be traced by the curious to the mixture of races—Italian, French, and German—which Fechter inherited may be left to ethnologists to determine. It is unhappily too certain that they existed, and did much to interfere with what might have been a great career. Great in a sense it was; Fechter was a great actor of melodrama if of nothing else, though we are inclined to think, as we have before said, that there were great qualities in his Hamlet. But his was a career broken and interrupted by unhappy errors of judgment and feeling, but for which it might have been great in a wider sense than can be now assigned to it. It is, however, a pleasanter task to dwell on what was achieved than on what was missed.

Fechter's grandfather was, Miss Field tells us, a native of Cologne, and of German lineage. Jean Maria Fechter, the actor's father (Miss Field describes him somewhat obscurely as a sculptor, while she tells of his having been engaged by Messrs. Storr & Morimer), was

born in France, but never naturalized, and married a wife in Lisle. Charles Fechter was born of this marriage in Hanway Yard, Oxford Street, in 1824. He had, as many children have, dramatic tendencies; but they took no definite shape until after his father's return to Paris. He played then in a private theatre—the same kind, if not the same degree, of theatre that is described in one of the *Sketches by Bos*—and he impressed both St. Aulaire and Scribe by the talent he displayed. But his first appearance on “the real stage” was made under the management of Duvernoir, who took a French company to Florence in 1841. In the course of this engagement, during which he was put to various shifts and hardships, he had, as Miss Field relates, an amusing adventure. Coming back from the theatre one night he was attacked by a footpad, who seemed to take a stage diamond pin which he was wearing for the real thing. There was a scuffle, and the footpad drew a stiletto. Fechter made answer, in pantomime, to this action that the robber could have the diamond pin by exchange instead of by murder. The robber asked, also in pantomime, what he meant, and Fechter replied by the same means that he would give his diamond pin for a cameo pin which the robber wore, upon which, with expressions of mutual esteem, the bargain was concluded, and Fechter went off with a real cameo instead of his mock diamond. It was but a short time afterwards, and after he had begun to study as a sculptor at the Beaux Arts, that Fechter entered the Conservatoire at Paris and met with but little encouragement. A series of accidents led to his appearing as a *débütant* at the Français some three years later, and he availed himself of the chances of his *début* to make what then seemed a startling innovation, although it was made more than ten years after the storm and stress of the Romantic Period. He was cast for Scide the Arab in Voltaire's *Mahomet*, and he dressed him like an Arab in spite of the remonstrances of the controller of the stage for the week. He made in this and in another part a great success, and then he quarrelled with Jules Janin, or Jules Janin quarrelled with him. Buloz also was for one reason or another against him, and his prospects, with the critics (who were then perhaps more powerful than they are now) opposed to him, seemed doubtful. But another chance came to him; he went as a singer, as an actor, as a pantomimist, to Berlin, and rose to honour not only in these capacities, but also as a sculptor. Then he came back to Paris and took an engagement at the Vaudeville, and after that at the Ambigu. Between the two he appeared in London (this was in 1847), where he met Louis Napoleon, who, as the story is told, said to him, “The next time we meet will be in the Tuileries.” “That,” said Fechter, “seems doubtful, for I do not think of becoming King.” “No,” was the answer; “but I mean to be Emperor.”

After this Fechter went back to Paris, and again made an innovation and a success by playing a peasant in a peasant's dress and with a peasant's ways; and after that he became the “star” actor at the Vaudeville—even then there were “stars” on French as much as on the English stage, and probably as long as one actor has genius and others have only talent there will continue to be “stars” on the stage of every country where the theatre flourishes. In the *Dame aux Camélias* he made a great hit, and probably did much to save a piece which has mighty little to recommend it from failure. As to this there is a story about Mme. Doche and Fechter, which Miss Field does not tell, to the effect that one of the most striking successes of the piece was due to his introducing, in spite of Mme. Doche's remonstrances, a violent piece of “business” between Camille and Armand, which brought Mme. Doche forcibly to her knees, and also brought down the house. The lesser Dumas recorded his impression that the piece owed almost everything to Fechter's acting, and serious students of the drama can only regret that Fechter's genius should have been employed to help the success of so miserable a play. Fechter, it appears, played *Tartufe* during a brief management of the Odéon which he undertook; and it is matter for regret that Miss Field gives us no information as to his interpretation of the part, which one may surmise was clever and original, while it can hardly have been satisfying. *Tartufe* may be approached from various points of view. It may be merely oily and elocutionary, as it was in the hands of Leroux; it may wear an air of distinction which Bressant could not help giving to it along with the subtle suggestion of brutality that was found in his rendering; it may be merely melodramatic and yet telling, as it is apt to be in the hands of French provincial actors. From what point of view Fechter approached it, and how he interpreted his idea of the part would be a thing well worth knowing; and in the absence of definite information, people who remember his style and method in various parts may amuse themselves with constructing imaginary figures of Fechter as *Tartufe*. It is not improbable that he gave a mixture of the Leroux and the Bressant versions, and it is tolerably certain that whatever version he gave was well worth seeing.

In 1860 came Fechter's first appearance in England as Ruy Blas; and he was, for the purpose at any rate of the present generation, the first foreign actor who dared to appear on the English stage as a foreigner speaking English with an unmistakably foreign accent, and who overcame all prejudices by the undoubted genius of his acting. His Ruy Blas cannot be forgotten by those who saw it, and it cannot be compared with the Ruy Blas of any actor on the modern French stage since it was given in English prose instead of in French verse. But it had qualities which commanded attention and admiration—a fire, a chivalry, an ardour, and, not least, a naturalness which, as Mr. Carr reminded us in his article, was then somewhat new. He

followed Ruy Blas with Hamlet; and the success of his Hamlet, and the many controversies which raged over it, cannot but be still alive in the memory even of those who have only heard of it. One point in it gave rise to special discussion, a point dealing with a matter which has always afforded food for controversy. This is the question of the portraits in what is known as the closet-scene, a question which arises over the words “Look on this picture and on this.” Some Hamlets have full-length portraits hung on the wall, some have “air-drawn” pictures, and of these some humorously suggest that there may be a fourth wall to the room unseen by the audience. Fechter had miniatures—one of King Claudius on the Queen's neck, one of Hamlet's father on his own neck, and his management of the stage business with regard to them was as brilliant and striking as was his daring management of gesture in Iago's “heart upon my sleeve” speech. Almost the same gesture, it may be noted, is now, by a strange coincidence, employed by Mr. Edwin Booth with equal daring and with equal success. Fechter's achievements in melodrama are yet more familiar to London playgoers than his Hamlet and his Iago. They came later, and they appealed in those days to a wider public. There are no doubt many of us who still remember *The Duke's Motto*, *Bel Demonio*, *The King's Butterfly*, and last, but by no means least, that delightful extravagance of melodrama *The Golden Daggers*. And who that saw it can ever forget his performance of Obenreizer in *No Thoroughfare*—the *bonhomie* of the man on his first appearance, with just a suggestion of something evil at the back of it; the terror suggested in the scene of his packing his portmanteau before he started on the journey which was to end in his companion's death; the weird horror of his gliding about the dark inn chamber to get at the sleeping Vendale's papers; the fury with which in the mountain pass he turned on Vendale as his avowed murderer? It was a performance which it would be scarcely too much to call terrifying; and it may be remembered by some players that in its midst on one night Fechter, by his admirable coolness on the stage, saved a whole theatre from what might well have been a serious fire-panic. That he was a great actor in the line which he adopted, and that he might have been a yet greater actor, can hardly be doubted; while it may well be doubted if Miss Field's volume, clever as it is, has done full justice to him.

TRANSMISSION OF ENERGY BY ELECTRICAL MEANS.

PUBLIC interest in this important subject has been strongly aroused within the last few days. The incident which has produced this state of the public mind is the account of some experiments shown in Paris by M. Marcel Desprez. At first we confess to having experienced a sensation of wonder when we found that this subject had suddenly become a topic of conversation at dinner-tables and in railway-carriages; but the reason is not far to seek. All that had been written on the subject hitherto had appeared either in the pages of the technical journals or else under a separate heading in the daily press; so that the general public had passed it over as something which they were not likely to understand. M. Desprez, however, was so fortunate as to have his experiments mentioned in the Paris letter of some of the daily papers, a part of the morning news which is read by most people, and further to have a leader written on the subject. These experiments were carried out at the Gare du Nord, and some technical accounts of them are now published. We mentioned at the time that M. Desprez had shown the transmission of energy by means of an ordinary telegraph-wire from Mosbach to Munich during the recent Electrical Exhibition. According to an account written by M. Hospitallier, based on the measurements of the Scientific Committee of the Munich Exhibition, these experiments did not give very satisfactory results. The machines used were so ill made that they broke down when the attempt was made to drive them at their proper speed. At the rate at which it was possible to keep them going it does not appear that more than 20 per cent. of the energy used at Mosbach appeared as useful motive power at Munich. As to the Paris experiments, no very trustworthy measurements are available. M. Desprez, for reasons of his own, arranged one set of experiments so that the loss by leakage on a long telegraph-wire increased the quantity of work transmitted across a workshop. Why he took the trouble of erecting this long line when a short wire, or perhaps even a simple earth return, would have answered better, we would rather not attempt to discuss. However, the experiments of M. Desprez have aroused public interest, and thus give us a good opportunity of calling attention to what has been done in this direction by others. Before doing so, however, we may speak of what is the leading feature in the work of M. Desprez. Knowing, as do most electricians, that the quantity of energy (say, in foot-pounds) carried by any current is proportional to the product of that current and the electromotive force to which it is due, and that the loss by reason of the resistance of the line-wire is proportional to the product of that resistance and the square of the current, he has endeavoured by increasing the electromotive force and diminishing the current to reduce the waste due to resistance so that the line-wire may be thin and inexpensive. So far, we believe, most electricians will agree with him; but we do not find that he has made the question of insulation of this light cheap wire at all a feature of his so-called “system,” although it is well known that the rather

formidable loss by leakage becomes very rapidly greater as the electromotive force producing the current increases. In fact, in the present day what has to be determined is the cheapest form of line-wire and the right balance of electromotive force, so that the waste of energy may be small, but the cost of the conductor and its insulation shall not more than swallow up the saving effected by reducing the waste. The important results to be expected from an efficient system of distributing power by electrical means must always be borne in mind. If the Companies now applying for powers under the Electric Lighting Act can see their way to supplying energy at a reasonable cost, the gain to small industries will be immense. Turners, sewing-machine operators, weavers, and many others of the industrial classes will find their labour lightened and their productive power increased; and the necessity for great expenditure of capital on large factories will in many cases be rendered unnecessary. The gain in convenience of everyday life will also be great, and domestic labour will be lightened. By the aid of a small machine, taking up no otherwise useful space, even in private houses, knives, &c. can be cleaned and dinner-lifts worked; whilst the ladies and servants of the family can do the domestic needlework at their machines without undergoing the fatigue of the treadle action, which has too often an injurious effect on delicate women.

Almost all electrical engineers have turned their attention to this matter, and already this mode of transmitting energy is in actual practical use. If we turn to America, we find it stated on good authority that the Edison Company have already found the supply of electrical energy for motive power so remunerative that in factories and other places where the demand for motive power is great the Company supplies light without charge. Some years ago some very promising experiments were carried out in France on ploughing by electrical means; but as yet they do not seem to have been followed up. In England we believe that already there are some private "installations" where water power is used not only for lighting purposes, but also for mechanical work, such as sawing wood, &c., electrical means being used to transmit the energy from the turbine to the machinery. The Portrush Railway of Messrs. Siemens is another example of the use of the transmission of energy by electrical means. Quite lately Professor Silvanus P. Thompson, as Cantor Lecturer, delivered some very valuable discourses on this subject; they were, however, rather too much of a technical nature for discussion here. But on Thursday Professor Ayrton delivered a lecture on "Electric Locomotion" at the London Institute, which, though sound from a scientific point of view, was yet in fairly popular form, and which also contained much that was certainly new to the general public. Why this lecture should be called "On Electric Locomotion" we fail to understand. Its subject was really the electric transmission of energy, and hardly any reference was made by the lecturer to locomotion of any kind.

To follow the general line of the lecture we must first again explain that all electrical apparatus, whether lamps or motors, can be arranged in two ways, one known as the "series" method, in which the current runs through all the machines, and the other known as the "parallel arc" method, in which the current is divided, a part only going through each machine. Now in the first method as the machines are thrown into action one after the other, the electrical resistance of the whole system is increased; and in order that they may all work equally well, the dynamo which supplies the electric energy must, by increasing its electromotive force, keep the same strength of current running through them all. In the other case, each machine set in action tends to diminish the electrical resistance of the whole system, and the dynamo must therefore increase the current by keeping its electromotive force always the same. Fortunately for electric engineers, there are already known two ways of arranging such machines, known as the "direct" and "shunt" dynamo plan, which very nearly fulfil these conditions, but not quite. Attempts have been made by Brush and by M. Marcel Desprez to get these conditions perfectly fulfilled, and both have employed a system of using a separate set of coils in the dynamo which, by means of a varying current passing through them, shall effect this purpose. Professor Ayrton states that he and Professor Perry have succeeded in getting the desired effect perfectly. These inventors saw at once that it would be troublesome and expensive to pull existing dynamo machines to pieces and re-wind them. They were fortunate enough to hit upon a plan by which it was possible to supply constant electromotive force to a parallel arc system, or constant current to a series system, by the use of unaltered dynamo machines of existing types. In their most practical method they make use of the combination in two different ways of "shunt" and "direct" dynamo machines. To give any idea of the electrical connexions would be impossible without diagrams. But it is not difficult to state the working method by which these useful results are attained. Suppose we have one or several dynamo machines intended to supply electric energy to any system of distribution, whether for lighting or motive power—all that is necessary is to drive this dynamo or these dynamos at such a speed as will enable them either to light one lamp or to drive one motor in the way desired. Then arrange that this dynamo or these dynamos shall always be driven at that speed. Then take one other dynamo of suitable type, and see at what speed it is necessary to drive it so that when connected with the others according to the inventors' system it will just begin to give a current; arrange that this machine shall always go at that speed. When these arrange-

ments are made, the dynamos, no matter how many there may be, which are giving current to the working circuit are absolutely controlled by the one other dynamo (of different type); so that all along the working circuit, whether this be arranged on the "series" or "parallel arc" system, any number of lamps or motors, if these be properly made, may be put in action or stopped without affecting others.

Assuming that these inventions have all the advantages which the inventors claim for them, there yet remains another most important problem to be solved before electric transmission of energy can become commercially useful on a large scale. This problem is how to govern the electromotors so that they shall run at a practically constant speed, no matter what work (within reasonable limits) they may be doing. An ordinary electromotor runs faster and faster as its load becomes lighter, and by this very act only draws upon the source of electric energy for just as much horse-power as is necessary for the work in hand. This is a great advantage in one sense, but constant varying of speed is too great a drawback. Many attempts have been made to govern electromotors by mechanical means, but none are perfectly satisfactory. Professor Ayrton, however, demonstrated that he and Professor Perry had hit upon a way of getting nearly perfect governing without mechanism or very great waste of energy. This method is more easily to be explained than that of controlling dynamo machines. Let us, first of all, imagine that the electromotor is employed to drive a small dynamo machine which has its poles connected by a short thick wire. The faster the motor goes the more work will it have to do in driving the dynamo, which will thus act as a brake, but will waste energy. Instead of connecting the poles of this dynamo by a separate wire, connect them to the line conveying the electric energy to the whole system. The energy required to drive this breaking dynamo is now no longer lost, but is restored to the line, thus lessening the work which the machine generating the electric energy for the system has to do. By suitably proportioning this breaking dynamo to the motor which it is intended to govern, and to the speed at which this motor is required to go, a very perfect governor is obtained. The last step in producing the finished machine shown on Thursday was made by combining motor and breaking dynamo in one machine by adding to an electromotor a second coil, so wound as to give by its rotation a current in the same direction as the driving current. The practical efficiency both of the system of controlling dynamos and that for governing motors depends very much on their acting very quickly; and this end is attained by arranging the controlling dynamo in both cases to run at what is known as the critical speed—that is to say, a speed at which they just begin to give a small current. If this speed falls off by the very smallest number of revolutions per minute, hardly any current is given; if, on the other hand, it be increased ever so slightly, an enormous increase takes place in the current given out. It is of course premature to say what the future of these devices may be; but, whatever may be their fate, it appears more than probable that some following up of this line of invention will do more to forward the introduction of the electrical distribution of energy than any of the many so-called discoveries which have lately been put forward.

THE COLLECTOR IN FLORENCE.

WHEN the late Sir Henry Holland was a very old man he regretted that in early life he had not taken to collecting, and he touched off its advantages in a few neat sentences. The interest, he said, "is one which augments with its gratification, is never exhausted by completion, and often survives when the more tumultuous business or enjoyments of life have passed away." In short, he placed collecting where our fathers used to place whist. The young man who does not collect will be miserable when he is old. The inexhaustibility of the object adds immensely to the advantages of collecting. When Heber had all, or nearly all, the rare books he knew of, he began to gather duplicates. The print collector, in the same way, begins with ordinary impressions. He thinks he can get together a complete set of some master perhaps, and succeeds pretty well until in an evil—or shall we say a happy?—hour he comes upon a proof. Then all must be proofs. First states are rare, but all must be first states. As his eye grows in knowledge he perceives that no two impressions are exactly alike, and that while one is good for this feature, another is good for that. Against the particular collector may be set the universal; but universal collecting has a serious drawback. It seldom approaches completion in any one branch. The omnivorous collector is, as a rule, too easily pleased. It is impossible that he should be an equally good judge of all the things he buys—ivories, bronzes, embroideries, Elzevirs, pictures, scarabs, gems, porcelains, coins, etchings, and so on. A grain of special knowledge will be more useful than a catholic appreciation of the beautiful in every form. All collectors gravitate to the shores of the Mediterranean; yet even there it is best to choose one subject and cleave to it. There are large shops in Naples, and larger shops in Rome, where money may be judiciously spent. The lace collector finds Valletta better than Palermo. He who loves "gold grounds" hunts in the country of Cadore. The amateur of Greek coins finds them at Corfu. A street stall in Alexandria will furnish him with Egyptian antiquities enough for an ordinary museum. The laws of supply are somewhat arbitrary. The places where you

expect most are often drawn blank. The much-vaunted bazaars of Cairo seldom furnish anything worthy of the collector's attention. There is nothing to be had at Genoa or Gibraltar, and very little at Venice. Athens abounds in forgeries, and at Constantinople the collector only sees the best things in private. At Florence there are both shops and occasionally auctions; and, on the whole, any one who understands art, and cares for it, will probably find there the best field for his operations. Paris is of course better; but in Florence there is more chance of good bargains. To any one who knew it twenty years ago or more it seemed as if the quantity of precious objects annually carried away by the Northern barbarians must soon exhaust the stock and cause the closing of the shops. Yet they are twice or thrice as numerous as they were in 1860; and their contents would be interesting if only regarded as a gauge of the changes of fashion in art-work and the curious vagaries of collectors. Majolica, Venetian glass, wrought iron, steel encrusted with silver in delicate relief, embossed leather formed into such objects as powder-horns and even into pictures, repoussé silver, mediæval medals, ivories, old engravings, old woodcuts, enamel, parcel-gilt wood-carvings, tapestries, fine lace from church vestments—such are a few of the principal objects sought after; and so rapidly have prices increased that previously unheard of collections are brought to light year after year, and no bounds seem to be set to the supply.

The days, it is true, are past when a Majolica plate or a reliquary of old Venetian glass could be bought for two or three hundred francs. When such plates do turn up now they fetch hundreds of pounds, and as for old Venetian glass, it has literally disappeared. Yet the shops, numerous as they are, contrive to make a fair show. The Italian loves colour and instinctively understands its harmonies. A poor display of worthless things is tastefully and attractively arranged. The latest craze is for rich brocades, small pieces of which, quite useless for any purpose except to make a banner-screen, sometimes sell for several English pounds. These things are very effective in the decoration of the shops, as are also imitation majolica, and forged bronzes, to say nothing of the mock jewelry of the last century, much of which now comes into the market and attracts the ordinary tourist. These articles help to keep the curiosity-shops open; but the finer works that still remain in the country are seldom seen among them, except perhaps with a few large dealers, who, possessing sufficient capital, can afford to wait for the wealthy collector. The good things come chiefly from remote palaces in Umbria, and are the private property of old families who are forced to sell them by reason of the compulsory division of property on the deaths of the heads of houses, or are tempted by hearing of the great increase of prices. Among such things was lately to be seen, for instance, a plaque or tile of Gubbio ware, the indubitable work of Maestro Giorgio, painted with a Madonna enthroned, and saints on either side, delicately drawn, gorgeous in colour, full of gold lustre and the precious and inimitable ruby red. It was certainly a beautiful object, and a few years ago might have been valued at as much as thirty or forty Napoleons. The modern price is 800*l*. This is not to be seen in a shop, nor is a plate by the same master for which a thousand francs is asked. Attached to the hospital of Santa Maria Nuova is a museum which the directors of the charity are said to contemplate selling. It comprises fine works of art of various classes. Among the pictures is one which, if it is not purchased by the Italian Government, will excite keen competition. It is an immense altar triptych by Van der Goes. The centre is a Nativity as large as life. It is said to rival the famous Van Eyck at Ghent, and has its wings, whereas those of the Van Eyck are at Berlin, whither it is probable the Van der Goes will follow the Hamilton manuscripts unless the English Government steps in. The laces of the hospital have already gone to Paris. They comprised the vestments of fourteen priests and an altar-cloth of exceptional beauty with crowned eagles worked into the pattern—the gift, no doubt, of some imperial benefactor. There was also plenty of rose and Venetian point, and the price is said to have been but two-and-twenty thousand francs.

Three years ago the death of a member of the Possenti family sent to the hammer a magnificent collection of ivories. They were brought up to Florence and sold by public auction, the cases containing them filling two large rooms. They certainly formed a superb collection of interest both artistic and antiquarian. A head of Jupiter, for instance, said to have been found in the Crimea, was made up of many pieces, and was probably old Greek work. There were two or three specimens of carvings from Etruscan tombs, one of them a narrow plaque with four graceful female figures in low relief. Two examples of the curious ivory saddles which were in fashion in the sixteenth century were said to have belonged to the Marquis of Montferrat. One of them, the best, was sold for no less than 92,000 francs. Similar saddles are at the Bargello in Florence, and in one or two of our English museums. There were also a number of lovely mediæval statuettes. One, a sitting figure of the Madonna with the Infant Christ in her arms, was almost equal in quality to the famous group of the Coronation of the Virgin in the Louvre, and went for 7,000 francs. Two pyxes also attracted attention. They were attributed to the fifth or the sixth century, and had singular subjects on them, considering they must have been used in Christian worship. One of them was carved with a supper of the gods, and the other with a combat of warriors. Together with such rarities as these, there were hundreds of the ordinary examples of museums of ivory—triptychs, diptychs, caskets, and plaques. The Possenti

family are said to have been devoted to ivory-collecting for a century and a half. A large number of articles were bought in, and the minds of collectors are much agitated by a rumour that the reserved specimens are shortly to be put up again. People who were unable to be present at the first sale will now have a chance, and prices will probably again be high owing to the prestige acquired by the "baptême d'une grande collection." Other ivories are constantly coming into the market. Thus the municipality of Volterra lately determined to sell two magnificent and ancient pastoral staves which belonged to their city. One of them went to Paris, the other is now in the gallery of a Florentine dealer. The crook is filled up with numerous figures, the heads full of feeling and delicacy. Similar examples—probably quite as good, however—are already in the South Kensington Museum. The prevalent taste for artistic needlework is also well represented in the dealers' shops at Florence. In one is the dosal of an altar, representing in the centre an Annunciation, and at either side a kind of procession of the saints. Picture-buyers are also stirred to expectant anxiety by the announcement of the approaching sale of the Toscanelli gallery. Opinions differ as to the merit of the paintings, which have not yet been exhibited to the general public, and about which all kinds of rumours are abroad. One thing is probably certain—the pictures will have little attraction for those who hold to the doctrine of progress in art, and who consider that modern painters excel the masters of what the Italians call *l'epoca*; for they are principally "gold grounds," and comprise examples of the artists of the early schools, such as Giotto and Ambrogio Lorenzetti. If these names are justly attributed to the pictures, they will no doubt find favour in the eyes of many collectors, and some, it may be hoped, will come to England. It would be impossible to enumerate all the attractions which Florence is now offering to people who have a little taste and are able to gratify it; but we have said enough to show what a happy hunting-ground it forms at present to the omnivorous as well as to the special collector. It is strange that the Italians, with all their natural, and indeed justifiable, pride, should suffer so many fine things to leave their shores; but the modern Italian is poor as well as proud, and probably thinks his countrymen will be able in the future to produce works as good as anything which has been achieved in the past. There are signs of improvement in Italian art; but, on the whole, still greater signs are visible in England and America, and Italy may find herself deceived in her expectations or outstripped in the race.

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF PARIS.

THE French military authorities are naturally disinclined to furnish foreigners, or the general body of their own countrymen, with information concerning the new fortifications which encircle Paris, and the gigantic system of works which since 1871 have been gradually established on the South-eastern, Eastern, and North-eastern frontiers. Some two years back we noticed in these columns a volume by a French civilian, remarkably well written, entitled *The Fortifications of Paris*. But either he had not been permitted to study the new works in detail, or he was judiciously silent regarding their construction and armament, for he was content with giving us an admirable description of the country round the capital, showing us the site of each fort, and dilating on the advantages obtained by skilful selection of their *emplacement*. Enough, however, was said to exhibit the surpassing difficulty of the task awaiting the next would-be besieger of Paris. The perimeter of investment was, in 1870, fifty miles; and it took some three hundred thousand men, supported by every kind of natural and artificial obstacle, to guard the circle intact. And no effort which might at the same time be called determined and scientific was ever made to break that circle. It has been shown with much probability that, in the case of Metz in the later stage of its investment, the French would have found it impossible to break out in any considerable organized force; but no one has attempted to show that in Paris they were similarly situated. We cannot picture to ourselves Napoleon disposing of four hundred thousand rifles, and allowing himself to be shut in for five months on a circle of fifty miles by a numerically inferior enemy.

But allowing that the Germans, with their 300,000 men, would have held the circle of 50 miles against any effort to get out, it does not seem to us to follow that a force of double the strength would be able to secure a perimeter of double the extent. Here, however, M. Quillet Saint-Ange, in his *Le Camp Retranché de Paris* (Paul Ollendorff), joins issue with us. His work is written on the assumption that a circle of 100–105 miles is not very much more difficult to invest than one of 50 miles. He seems to think the Germans had too many men before, and he brings forward an array of figures to show that an army under 400,000 strong would be sufficient for the effective blockade of the capital under the new conditions. We cannot stay to argue the point, but must remark in passing, first of all, that M. Saint-Ange only allows the besieged to dispose of 100,000 men for active operations outside the defences, and these include "regulars, mobile, militia, of all kinds"; secondly, that it is extremely improbable France will find herself, as was the case in 1870, with all her field armies shut up in fortresses or captured. The author ignores that in the scheme of national defence not only is the safety of Paris amply provided for from the moment war breaks out, but so large a garrison is

allotted to the capital that operations might be undertaken outside without the aid of armies in the field. It is little likely, however, that one or other of the latter would not be associated with the defence.

Yet, after all, the point to be considered is not whether it would require only 400,000, or whether it would require 600,000 or 700,000 men, to thoroughly invest Paris. For if one thing is certain, it is that the invasion of France can now no more be attempted unless it is carried out on a gigantic scale. The armies which will overcome the multitudinous forces of France, and break through successive lines of defence before they can come near the capital, must be so numerous that a matter of 100,000 or 200,000 men more or less will scarcely make the difference between the loss and the retention of Paris. But, in order to follow M. Saint-Ange, we will allow that with one force or another the capital is blockaded. He is quite right on that supposition in contending that a city having two million inhabitants must eventually be starved into submission whether the forts are left as they are, or whether others are made to enclose a much wider area. In the case of Amsterdam, the proposed defences for that city will be placed at such a distance that there will be available large tracts of country where every kind of eatable beast may find food as well as man. But Amsterdam is comparatively a small, while Paris is a very large city, and the nature of the country favours the particular scheme of defence for the former, but not for the latter, the Dutch capital being only accessible on certain lines, while the French capital is attackable more or less all the way round. If, then, the armies of some Power, or coalesced Powers, were in a position to blockade Paris for a long period, it may be assumed that no number of defences placed at whatever distance from the *enceinte* would avail to prevent its ultimate reduction through famine. In other words, Paris could not be re-provisioned from the blockaded area. And it is difficult to imagine an immense population, with a large garrison, and perhaps a numerous field army superadded, provisioned beforehand for an indefinite time with all the necessities of life for man and beast.

Starting from this reasonable assumption, M. Saint-Ange set himself to inquire as to the feasibility of connecting the city with some point of the territory from which it might be regularly re-victualled. He has fixed on Havre as the most convenient point, although Havre is not the nearest seaport to Paris, and he proposes to connect Havre with the capital by a double string of forts. At first sight it seems to be one of that class of propositions dear to the civilian mind much versed in the theory, and happily innocent of the practice, of war. And the scheme is in many quarters pretty sure to receive on that account less attention than, to our thinking, it deserves. For, after hearing the author out, we must allow that, though his idea is grandiose, its realization in one form or another does not seem very difficult of attainment, and there is a great deal to be said on the score of its utility. If, moreover, the French are bent on spending vast sums of money on works, many of them only remotely remunerative, they may well spare the five millions sterling which we are assured would suffice for the construction and armament of the whole series of forts.

"England and the United States," says the author, "are alone, of all the Powers, able to contend with any chance of success against France by sea." It is news to us that the United States possesses a navy in a condition to cross the Atlantic and blockade French ports. But the author's plan is founded on the supposition, at all events, that the two Powers above-mentioned would remain friendly or neutral. The danger to Paris will come from the East. The capital then is to be supplied from the sea through Havre, and, it may be added, from all the protected district lying between the two towns. The configuration of the country—we are not much indebted to the author's sketchy map, destitute of scale, for a knowledge of it—lends itself admirably to the scheme. Havre is connected with Paris by a direct line of rail on the Northern bank of the Seine, indirectly *via* Quillebeuf by another on the other bank, by the river itself, and by excellent roads. All these lines of communication are enclosed within a kind of parallel never more than about twelve miles wide, and are to be secured by a double line of detached forts, one on each bank. The distance between each couple of works will be such as to allow of an army of five or six divisions of infantry establishing itself between any two, resting either wing on a fort. The interval then must not exceed seven or seven and a half miles. The other important points for solution are that the defences must be situated on elevated spots "afin de commander le terrain dans l'intérieur d'un cercle de 6 mille mètres de rayon dont ils seront le centre." They must have a relief which shall preclude all idea of hostile escalade, and shall compel a siege *en règle*. Half of the guns must be of such calibre as to allow of a cross fire being maintained over ground between any two works. The number of forts required on the right bank will be twenty-one, on the left thirteen. "Situés dans des conditions défensives diverses, mais généralement favorables, ils garderont les abords de la vallée de la Seine."

It would take us far beyond our limits were we to attempt a technical description of the nature of the defences and their proposed armament. It may suffice to mention that the author suggests circular forts; the grave inconveniences attaching to this form, he assures us, will be more than compensated for by the polygonal shape given to the ditch. The proposal to arm the works with movable cuirassed batteries is not a novel one, but we do not know that it has anywhere been practically adopted. In some of the recently erected German fortifications on the Rhine frontier

there are revolving armoured turrets, but the great advantage of having mobile batteries would consist in the possibility of concentrating them at any time on that point of the attack which threatened most danger.

There is one fault about this book. The writer sees no difficulties in the way of his scheme, never looks at the *revers de la médaille*. The idea can be carried out, it ought to be carried out, and this is the proper way to carry it out. But though, as we said before, the author's plan deserves, in our opinion, the most careful consideration, yet one cannot fail to see some weak points in his defensive armour. In the first place, if an enemy is strong enough to undertake the siege of Paris, he will be strong enough to operate, before doing so, against the line by which Paris will be supplied. Again, the writer speaks of the forts as making excellent *points d'appui* for the wings of an army of five or six divisions. Does he purpose having such an army between each pair of forts? Or does he intend that this force shall circulate between each pair of forts as required? Setting aside the former improbable supposition, we fail to see how a superior enemy is to be prevented from operating simultaneously against more than one point of the very long line of defence. The fact is that, when a chain of forts is extended across a wide tract of country, the strength of the whole system depends on the retention of every single link. Marlborough, when he forced the lines of the Meuse and Bouchain, showed the inherent weakness of long continuous lines; and though a chain of separate forts is theoretically a "broken line" or a "line with intervals," and has many advantages over the former when duly supported and spread over a limited area, yet these advantages are lost when, as in the case of the proposed works, there are no supports, and the ground covered is very great. There is a minor objection which we might raise to the employment of mobile batteries in the manner suggested, and to the use of embrasures throughout the works. An enemy's shells might very soon damage the rails and the wheels on which the ponderous armoured batteries are to move, and the provision for their protection seems quite inadequate. The Moncrieff system in connexion with fortress artillery has so manifest an advantage that we cannot understand the author's preference for guns firing through embrasures.

If we cannot endorse all the writer's opinions, or share the unlimited confidence he has in the perfection of his scheme, we must certainly allow that he has given us a volume which repays careful perusal, and will be most interesting to students of the art of war.

MR. WHISTLER'S EXHIBITION.

MR. WHISTLER'S eccentricity has seldom taken a more amusing form than it does in the Catalogue which he has devised for the really fine collection of etchings which he exhibits in Bond Street, with placards having the words "Arrangement in Yellow and White." There is a delicious insolence about the whole thing—about the brown paper cover, like that which enclosed his extremely ridiculous pamphlet; about the Japanese-like mark on it; and about the quotations from various critics appended to the names of the pictures. In more than one instance the exhibitor has disregarded compliance with good taste in the desire to be amusing—or perhaps we should say that he would be thought to have done this but for the engaging childishness of the whole proceeding. This childishness, though it may serve a certain purpose in attracting attention, is unfortunate, because the things to which it may for a time act as a kind of advertisement are things really worth attention—things of which some no doubt may be dismissed as, to use a happy phrase of one of the critics quoted by Mr. Whistler, "scampering caprices," but of which the majority show singularly artistic feeling and artistic handling. Sometimes Mr. Whistler's quotations are chosen unhappily from his own point of view—if he has any point of view beyond getting a laugh out of sheer absurdity—and this is the case with the first etching on the list, "Murano—Glass Furnace." To this is added the quotation, "Criticism is powerless here"; and it would not be easy to find a description more applicable to the particular work, unless indeed one were to prefer the quotation which heads the Catalogue, "Another crop of Mr. Whistler's little jokes." The thing is so sketchy, so undefined, so wild, that even with the help of the printed title it is difficult to make out what Mr. Whistler would be at. It might be a representation of almost anything, surely of anything rather than what it professes to be. Something, but much less, of this undefined quality there is in the second etching, "Doorway and Vine," which is in many ways a beautiful piece of work, but in which the figures (are they figures?) are as impalpable as those spectral forms which, Mr. Listless scoffed at in *Nightmare Abbey*. "Wheelwright" (3) is full of life and go, and in this for the first time, one gets a notion of Mr. Whistler's remarkable power of dealing with distance as one looks to the far back of the wheelwright's shop. Again in "San Biagio" (4), we find a strikingly broad and true feeling and expression of atmosphere in the sky space seen through the arch; and we find also a masterly treatment of the texture and transparency of the water, a treatment indeed which in etching is little short of surprising. This quality is found to a yet greater extent, or perhaps one should say allied with yet another

quality, in "Nocturne Riva" (8), where the sky is excellent, and where not only is the water also excellent in depth and reality, but also in some hardly definable way its peculiar colour is artfully suggested to those who know the Venetian waters. No doubt the effect is due to the rendering of the texture suggesting unconsciously the colour also, and if this is so the rendering of the texture demands all the more praise.

Between this and the work which we have coupled with it hangs one of the worst pieces in the collection, which is called "Turkeys," and to which the quotation "They say very little to the mind" is added. They do indeed say very little to the mind; they say very little to the eye; they might as well be eagles or geese or ducklings or dodos for all that one can find out from their drawing; nor do any of the other things represented help out their poverty with any excellence. Indeed the work is nothing less than, at least in the older sense of the word, an impertinence, a thing which has nothing to say to the matter in hand, if that matter is taken to be anything like an artistic or even plausible representation of existent things. The "Fruit-Stall" (9) is a pretty work in which, as is too usual with Mr. Whistler, the figures are terribly sketchy; but there is some compensation for this in the grace and tenderness suggested in the pose of the woman who stands at the left of the work holding a child in her arms. As to "San Giorgio" (10), we can but endorse the quoted criticism, "An artist of incomplete performance"; but when we pass from this to "The Dyer" (11) we find a performance which is singularly complete. The work is beautiful in its tone and in its artful arrangements of light and shade; and here Mr. Whistler, having found it desirable to give importance to the figure, has spared no pains, and has markedly succeeded, in giving it life, truth, and natural freedom of gesture. The versatility of the etcher's feeling and talent is well shown by contrasting this with the next work, "Nocturne Palaces" (12). This is merely a representation of two walls and a strip of water; but it is charged with poetical appreciation and feeling, and is, to use a somewhat vague but convenient phrase, full of suggestion. "The Doorway" (13) is again remarkable for the care bestowed, and successfully bestowed, upon the figure, which is certainly graceful, and which, unlike some of the figures which are suggestive and striking at a little distance, bears close inspection. The "Long Lagoon" (14) is one of several instances that the artist is less happy in dealing with a long wide stretch than with a detached strip or slip of water. The command shown elsewhere of the peculiar effect of water seems here to fail him. "Little Salute (Dry Point)" has under its title a quotation to the effect that it is unnecessary to disquiet one's self about the artist's work; and so far as this specimen is concerned we agree with the quotation. In a sense there is disquiet in the confused and blurred rendering; but it is a disquiet with which no one need be burdened. "Wool Carders" (18) has a quotation and a very amusing sub-quotation. The quotation is, "They have a merit of their own, and I do not wish to understand it"; and in the expression adopted there is an obvious mark for Mr. Whistler's humour. Only here the figures have no merit that ordinary eyes can discern; they are ridiculously shadow-like suggestions which are as much worth understanding as a gibberish language. Not much more solid or careful are the figures in "Upright Venice" (19), in which also the water—again a long stretch—is, as compared with other works, poorly and faintly indicated. In the next work, "Little Venice" (20), the artist has played off a remarkable, but hardly a desirable, joke by ostentatiously adorning the water-surface with the same Japanese-like mark which appears on the cover of his Catalogue, and the same joke is repeated in another way in "Regent's Quadrant" (22), which for the rest is a very clever suggestion of the hurry and bustle of the streets. "Riva No. 2" (24) exhibits in a marked degree the artist's power of dealing with atmosphere which has been referred to, and is full of life, go, and sunlight. Worthy to be ranked in merit with this is "Two Doorways" (28), the effect of which is directly contrary to the suggestion of the added quotation that Mr. Whistler's work is wanting in tone. "The Balcony" (32), to which a humorously invented or found quotation from the "Russian Press" is underwritten, is a work at once broad and delicate, a work in strange contrast to such sketchy scratchy stuff as "Alderney Street" (33), with its phantom horses and cabs and figures. Equally phantom-like and weird is "Traghetto" (37), while "The Mast" (36) is remarkable for the merit of its drawing and its atmospheric effect. The "Garden" (40) is equally remarkable for its feeling and execution, and for the fine pose and careful treatment of the figure of the youth who sits with one leg extended on the steps, and one foot dangling in the water. In "Long Venice" (42) a varied sky is indicated by a series of strange scratches. "Furnace Nocturne" (44), is a work in which the artist has aimed at and achieved an effect which many artists in colours have tried and failed to attain. We do not mean to suggest that it is more difficult to attain it without than with colours; we simply record what seems to us to be the fact. "The Quiet Canal" is an extremely pretty work, with which this interesting quotation from a German paper is given:—"Herr Whistler stellt ganz wunderbare Productionen aus, die auf Gesetze der Form und der Farbe gegründet scheinen, die dem Uneingeweihten unverständlich sind."

In "Palaces" (48), the artist again exhibits his singular power of dealing with the depth and transparency of water, and in "Beggars" (50) he has for once given a triumphant answer to the accusation that "in the character of humanity he has not time to

be interested." *Si sic omnia* one feels inclined to say; and it is because of the undoubted beauty and skill of many things shown by Mr. Whistler, though accompanied by a certain amount of things in which carelessness and want of beauty seem to go hand in hand, that we have devoted some space to considering an exhibition of which the merit conceivably might, by no fault but the exhibitor's, be obscured by the entertaining absurdities with which it is ushered in.

PROSPECTS OF THE MONEY MARKET.

SINCE the year began the Bank of England has twice reduced its rate of discount; first from 5 per cent. to 4, and last week again from 4 per cent. to 3½. This is a reduction of 1½ per cent. upon 5 per cent., or at the rate of 30 per cent., and the reduction would be still greater were it not for an adventurous diminution in the competition among bankers. The change in the time of collecting the revenue made by Lord Sherbrooke when Chancellor of the Exchequer throws into the last quarter of the financial year a greatly increased proportion of the revenue payments; and as these payments are made by transferring moneys that had previously stood to the credit of the taxpayers in the private and joint-stock banks to the account of the Government at the Bank of England, they in effect diminish the ability of the private and joint-stock banks to compete with the Bank of England, and thus give the Bank an exceptional command over the money market. The abnormal collection of the revenue, however, will end with next month, and then it is not unlikely that there may be a further fall in the value of money. And the decline which is thus observable at home is equally manifest upon the Continent and in the United States; indeed in Paris the rate of discount in the open market is at present only about 2½ per cent. The chief cause of the cheapness of money is, of course, the check in trade. When trade is very active, there is a demand by merchants and manufacturers for accommodation from their bankers for the purpose of extending their businesses, of laying in larger stocks, and of employing more workpeople. But when trade becomes slack, this demand dies off, and with the cessation of the demand there necessarily comes a fall in the value of money. The check to trade is as usual accompanied, or rather has been preceded, by a collapse of speculation. When speculation is rampant, the speculators require loans from their bankers to enable them to carry on the operations in which they engage, and the greater the speculation the greater the demand for these loans, and of course the higher the value of money. But at present speculation is dormant, and consequently there is no demand on the part of speculators for loans. Further, the wet weather which has prevented the sowing of the usual acreage of wheat, and which has greatly delayed all other agricultural operations throughout the country, has diminished the demand for money. Farmers, being unable to plough and sow, do not require money for the payment of wages, and they also do not need to buy manures, as they would do if the weather were favourable for agricultural operations. For all these reasons the value of money has been declining for some time, and seems likely to go on declining for the greater part of the present year. It is not probable, of course, that there will be a very sudden or a very considerable revival in trade, and as yet there are no symptoms of an outburst of speculation. Speculation, it is true, springs up much more rapidly than a trade revival, but it seldom occurs without a fair prospect of such a revival; and as yet, though the conditions are favourable to improvement in trade, apart from the agricultural depression, the improvement itself has not set in, while the weather still continues to threaten the farmers with even a worse year than those they have lately passed through.

Another cause that tends to lower the value of money is the cessation of the demand for gold in the United States. When resumption of specie payments took place in the United States at the beginning of 1879, there was a great demand for gold to supply the country with a metallic currency, and that demand continued for three years. It was satisfied by a drain each autumn from France and England, and it thus diminished the metallic reserves of Europe, and consequently tended to increase the value of money. Last year, however, it was shown that the United States had at length become fully supplied with all the currency they needed. Not only had they raised large amounts from their own mines, and drawn heavily upon Europe for gold, but they had also been coining, since the passing of the Bland Act, about five millions sterling annually in silver. Although this silver does not actually circulate, it still performs all the functions of money, because the Government allows holders of silver to lodge it in the Treasury, giving them certificates which are legal tender, and to all intents and purposes are as effective in discharging debt as a Treasury note. The currency has thus been greatly inflated, and at the same time there has occurred a check to trade in the United States. The bad harvest of 1881 first contributed to this check, and it has been aggravated by the unwillingness of European investors to buy the shares and bonds of the new railways which have been made in such large numbers of late. This unwillingness of Europeans has, in fact, compelled the cessation of railway-making. It is fortunate for the United States that this has happened, for there can be little doubt that, if railway-making had continued at the rate of the past few years, we should by and by see another panic

such as occurred in 1873 from the sinking of too much capital in railways. The discredit into which American railways have fallen in Europe, however, has prevented railway construction from being continued at an excessive rate. The result is that trade has slackened, and that speculation in the United States, as well as in Europe, has to a large extent collapsed. Thus there is a less demand for money in the United States than there was lately, and the currency there not only is sufficient for all the requirements of the country, but has become redundant. At present it is believed that the United States owe a considerable amount to Europe. They are always, of course, indebted to some extent to Europe, because of the immense American investments of Europeans; but it is believed that at present the debt due from the United States to Europe is larger than usual, partly because the imports from Europe have been exceptionally large during the past year. It is therefore anticipated that gold will be sent back from America to Europe, and will tend to lower the value of money in Europe. Moreover, it is in favour of cheap money that the withdrawals of gold for Italy to enable that country to resume specie payments are at an end. Those withdrawals have been conducted with great skill, and have disturbed the money markets of the world less than was anticipated; but still they had some effect. And the fact that they are now at an end removes the fear that the metallic reserves of the great commercial countries will be further reduced; while, on the other hand, the fact that in April or May next Italy will resume specie payments, and that therefore the 16 millions of gold which have been accumulated in Rome will become available, leads to the hope that some of this gold will find its way back again to France and England, and thus tend still further to lower the value of money. Lastly, it is to be observed that the great reserve banks of Europe are better provided with gold now than they have been for some years back; in particular the Bank of France, which had allowed its stock of gold to be run down to a dangerous point, has now accumulated over 39 millions sterling.

All things considered, it seems probable therefore that the interest obtainable for the use of loanable capital in the short-loan market of London will continue small for some months to come, provided always that there are no untoward accidents, such as a convulsion in France or Russia, or the outbreak of a European war. But there is one small circumstance which will have some effect in counteracting the causes tending to produce cheap money. The Bank of Spain has allowed its stock of gold to be run down to a trifling amount, partly because it has lent too much to the Government, and partly because the last harvest in Spain was so deficient that the imports of wheat have been enormous, and have had to be paid for in gold. It is understood that the Bank of Spain has negotiated a loan in London for four or five millions sterling, and that the proceeds of this loan will be taken chiefly in gold. The sum of course is small, and will not have a great effect upon the money market. Still the withdrawal of even three or four millions of gold, if it were to be taken nearly all together, would reduce the Bank of England's stock of gold very seriously, and therefore would have an effect on the money market. It is to be presumed, however, that the withdrawals will be conducted with judgment, so as to affect the money market as little as possible, and that, in fact, the gold will be obtained elsewhere than in London. Assuming that the remittance of this money is conducted with as much care and judgment as were shown by the contractors of the Italian Loan for the much larger amounts they supplied to the Italian Government, there is still one other circumstance to be taken into account. It now appears certain that the wheat harvest of this year all over Western Europe will be very deficient. It is estimated by the agricultural papers that in this country only about two-thirds of the usual acreage has been sown with wheat this year, and that the period is now too late for any considerable increase, while it is probable that some of the land already sown will have to be ploughed up again. All over Western Europe the weather likewise has been most unfavourable; and, although we have no definite estimates of the decrease in the acreage sown, there can be little doubt, we fear, that that decrease is considerable. However favourable, then, the spring and summer may prove, it is certain that the total crop of wheat throughout Western Europe must be short, and consequently that there will be a great demand all over Western Europe for foreign wheat. If the crops in the United States, India, Australia, and South America are very large, the necessary supply will be obtained without a serious increase in price; but, if there should be a failure of the crop abroad as well as at home, the price might become seriously enhanced. In any case, it seems certain that the demand for wheat will be exceptionally great, and, if so, the wheat-growing countries will be able to take payment in gold if they please. There seems no reason why they should, for gold is of course the least profitable of all modes of taking payment, and gold therefore will not be taken unless it is really needed. We have said that the wants of the United States are already satisfied, and it is not probable that other countries will take much gold. But still there is the possibility that gold may be taken in the autumn, and, if so, there may be a sharp rise in the value of money.

REVIEWS.

BARON DE MALORTIE'S EGYPT.*

BARON DE MALORTIE has many qualifications for writing on Egypt. He has passed much time in the country, he has been on a footing of familiarity with the most eminent Egyptians, and he has read every book in any way connected with modern Egypt that curiosity or industry could collect. There never, perhaps, was an author who justified his statements or his language by more copious footnotes. Every page, and almost every line of every page, is dotted with references to authorities. Occasionally the reader finds with a mixture of amazement and dismay that the references of the author are hard to verify. He feels that there is a probability that a reference to a German author, of whom he never heard, would turn out to be correct if the book was at hand; but he is plunged into a wide sea of speculation when one footnote runs "*Vide* the rural organization of Turkey," and another "*Vide* unanimous opinion of English press." Life is not long enough to permit a tour through Asia Minor or a search through the files of the *Daily Telegraph* in order to establish that a harmless remark or an inoffensive phrase is not the author's own. We must be satisfied with the general impression which Baron de Malortie creates, that he writes with perfect good faith, and that he has done his utmost to get up his subject well. The main object he has in view is to show that Egypt has been the victim of foreign interference, which alone has prevented her from treading that path of reform which, if left alone, she would have zealously followed. But this aim is somewhat complicated by another, which is to show that the present interference of England is the most blessed thing for Egypt that could be conceived. Baron de Malortie is an ardent supporter of the policy of Lord Granville so far as it refers to the future. He blames all our Foreign Secretaries in turn for what they have done in the past; but he is sure that all that is now going to be done is good. The ground of his confidence is that at last we are going to take up a policy that is in harmony with all that is best in the past history of Egypt; and to justify his censure and his hopes he tells in his own way the stories of the reigns of Mehemet Ali, Ismail, and Tewfik.

There are some slight errors and omissions in these stories; but on the whole they may be accepted as accurate, and they are evidently composed with an honest intention to be perfectly fair. Where the author disappoints his reader is in the amount of reflection he appears to have bestowed on the facts he has accumulated. He does not seem to have pondered much over the grounds on which he bases his censure or his hopes. No doubt English Foreign Secretaries have all made mistakes in dealing with Egypt. We may be sure of this on the general principle that all human beings err. But the test which Baron de Malortie applies in judging their conduct is not the right test to use. His test is to ask whether the step taken by a Foreign Secretary was the best step to take in view of the immediate interests of the people directly concerned. Did what was done conduce to the welfare and happiness of the Egyptian peasant? It is impossible to judge English Foreign Secretaries in this way. They cannot regard every little country as a garden in which they are bound to see that the cabbages grow properly. They must look at foreign affairs as a whole, and see that in doing a little good they do not do much harm. The test by which they are to be judged is whether each step they take is taken in pursuance of a foreign policy that is at once broad and wise. Baron de Malortie is too fair not to be willing occasionally to apply this test; but his canon of judgment seems to depend entirely on the author whom he happens to be consulting. His study of the life of Lord Palmerston shows him that the English Government had very grave reasons for opposing the intrusion of France into Egypt and the dismemberment of Turkey. But one book is as good as another to Baron de Malortie; and he borrows without a sign of distrust a theory started by a French writer, that the secret of Lord Palmerston's hostility to Mehemet Ali was a well-grounded fear lest the poor little attempt of Mehemet Ali to set up manufactures in Egypt should overshadow the industries of England. An industrious collation of authorities does however enable the author to give a spirited and readable, if slightly rose-coloured, account of Mehemet Ali in his character of the founder of modern Egypt. It was undoubtedly Mehemet Ali who, single-handed and out of his own brain, invented the Egypt known to our generation—a Turkish province totally different from other Turkish provinces, a country growing rapidly in wealth, with a fair amount of security, and open to the influence and pressure of European civilization. The Egypt thus created has passed through three stages coincident with the reigns of Mehemet Ali himself, his grandson Ismail, and his great-grandson Tewfik.

Mehemet Ali was a beneficent despot, working without scruple as to means for objects in themselves good. He was the beginner of the importation of Western ideas into a purely Oriental society. He was original enough to try to analyse what were the things on the possession of which European nations chiefly prided themselves, and having discovered what these things were, he determined that Egypt should have them too. He found that the cherished possessions of European societies were material wealth, standing

* *Egypt: Native Rulers and Foreign Interference.* By Baron de Malortie. London: Ridgway. 1882.

armies, education, religious toleration, and intercourse with foreigners. As he was not a mere philosopher, but a philosopher with a strong arm and a stout stick in it, he ordered his subjects to grow rich, to carry on wars, to go to school, to keep down their fanaticism, and to welcome expensive strangers. And he tried very hard, and in many respects successfully, to see that his orders were carried out. To make his subjects rich he effected what Baron de Malortie justly calls a revolution in the tenure of landed property. He took all the land for himself as supreme landlord, and he then directed the people on his land to make canals for him. Those who actually executed the work died like flies; but the work was done. He doubled the acreage of productive soil, he secured a large revenue for the State, and he started manufactures and encouraged commerce. Egypt became much richer, and has remained much richer, through the energetic operations of Mehemet Ali. He was equally successful in creating an army, for his troops overran Syria, won great battles, and brought the Sultan on his knees before his vassal. Mehemet Ali's son Ibrahim was a general of great ability; but after these wars were over he deplored bitterly the waste of men and money in these Syrian campaigns. So respectable an authority has, of course, due weight with Baron de Malortie; but he also met with a remark in the work of a German to the effect that Syria is absolutely necessary to Egypt, as without Syria Egypt has no port. This curious geographical statement is in a printed book, and therefore must be true, and is accordingly incorporated in Baron de Malortie's repertory of quotations. It was much to Mehemet Ali's credit that he troubled himself about education; but as he had a fancy for education he set himself to realize his fancy in his usual determined way. He brought the children in chains to school, and then paid them for staying there, and few educational reformers can boast of combining compulsion and persuasion more effectively. As to religious toleration Baron de Malortie informs us that Mehemet Ali "fettered fanaticism," without any quotation to support the statement, so that we should be left to conjecture to what he refers if we did not find in another place that Mehemet Ali took the property of religious corporations and kindly offered to maintain them at his own expense. Lastly, he welcomed foreigners, installed them in his service, and paid them handsomely. Many of his bargains were extremely bad, and he was fleeced by worthless adventurers. But at any rate he did his best, and started that immigration of foreigners into Egypt which was destined ultimately to give a new character to the Egypt he had created.

This, then, was the first stage of modern Egyptian history—the stage of the importation of European ideas under the sole authority of an Oriental despot who employed a few foreigners to help him. The next stage is the reign of Ismail—the stage of the importation of European ideas through the machinery of a partnership between the ruler of Egypt and foreigners. He had precisely the same objects as his grandfather, and he and his partners set to work to see how they might be obtained. The first great business in which they engaged was the construction of the Suez Canal. This gigantic undertaking was not in itself calculated to increase the wealth of Egypt; but indirectly it tended to secure many of the objects which it was the aim of Mehemet Ali and of his grandson to attain. It gave all Europe a title to busy itself with the control of a portion of Egyptian territory; it introduced countless foreigners, principally Frenchmen, into Egypt; and, above all, it enabled him and his partners to borrow. They borrowed boldly and wildly, and a large part of the capital borrowed was employed in productive works. Like his grandfather, Ismail managed during his reign to double the revenue of the State. He had unprofitable whims, and he, like his grandfather, was fleeced by adventurers, but he made Egypt much richer. He also imitated the ambition of his father to have a fine standing army, and in his grand style he provided his army with those endless stores of guns and rifles which were made, paid for, and at length silenced by the English. Baron de Malortie pays a warm but deserved tribute to Ismail's interest in education; and as for intercourse with foreigners, few will fail to remember that Ismail had an opera of his own in Cairo, and spent a million sterling in welcoming strangers to celebrate the opening of the Canal. In his later days Ismail quarrelled with his partners, who got the better of him, worried him in the new Courts, and finally bade him go away. He bowed and went, and with him ended the second stage of the history. Tewfik introduced the third stage, that of the importation of European ideas through the direct intervention of foreigners using the Khedive as their agent or steward. The steps by which England has taken on herself the sole execution of this arduous if beneficent work are too notorious to need explanation or comment. It only remains to add that recently, in addition to the foreign ideas imported by Mehemet Ali and Ismail, there has been imported an idea which would never have occurred to a native ruler—the idea that the mass of the people is to be considered and protected. Baron de Malortie tells the story of Ismail, of Tewfik, and of the English intervention in a style of pleasant and instructive gossip. The effect of the criticism he intersperses is marred by the seeming influence of mere chance in the selection of his authorities. But he is always fair; and when, as is often the case when he touches on recent events, he relies on what he has himself seen and heard, he is always interesting. If readers wish to consult one book and one only about modern Egypt, this is perhaps the best book they could choose; and if they wish a guide to fuller research, Baron de Malortie is the right man to set them on their road. In a

volume of very moderate compass he gives his readers no fewer than 878 references or quotations; and an ardent inquirer might hope to finish verifying them about the time when the British troops are finally withdrawn.

CREVAUX'S TRAVELS IN SOUTH AMERICA.*

NO more delightful and instructive volume of travels has been published lately than Dr. Crevaux's account of his three expeditions in the remotest parts of South America. Dr. Crevaux was a naval surgeon, a man of very great energy and courage, who, after playing his part bravely in the Franco-German war, found a field for his remarkable enterprise in exploring Central Guiana, the district between Cayenne and the Andes, New Granada, and Venezuela. His first journey was made in 1876-77; his second in 1878-79, and his last in 1881. The dangers which he had so often escaped at last overtook him, and in 1881 he was suddenly attacked and murdered by some Indians to whom he had been distributing presents. His book is edited, and the brief biographical notice is written, by his old friend and comrade, M. le Janne. Not the least charm of this narrative of travel is to be found in the manly and genial character of the voyager. Crevaux endured hardship and sickness with uncomplaining pluck; danger was a delight to him; his relations with the French missionaries were as friendly as with the strange tribes of men among whom he adventured himself. Unlike many French scientific men, Crevaux had a great respect for the good fathers who were doing what they could to civilize a people peculiarly wild and untameable. He never sneers, he never presses his ethnological discoveries and theories in a way that could offend the orthodox or delight the anti-clerical reader. He enjoyed the good of everything he met—the beautiful scenery of river, mountain, lake, and forest; the hospitality of the wild races; the courage of the honest father who first exorcised the evil spirit, or kelpie, of a dangerous stream and then swam it, to prove to his native followers that the kelpie was powerless. Crevaux himself, finding an Indian on the point of death and unhappy at the near view of the savage Hades, baptized the man, and set his mind at rest about the unknown, mysterious future. In short, Crevaux was a voyager of the best type; and his keen interest in geographical, botanical, and ethnological questions was only the intellectual side of his equipment for the life of an explorer.

The record of Crevaux's travels is a very large quarto volume of some six hundred pages, copiously illustrated with sketches of landscape, studies of the natives, and designs representing the products of their arts and manufactures. Every page has its interest, both for the general reader and the special student. We propose to confine our remarks as much as possible to Crevaux's very valuable and interesting notes of uncivilized manners and customs. He does not appear to have had a wide knowledge of certain recent controversies about the habits and ideas of the backward races; and for this reason his testimony is unbiassed, and all the more precious.

Crevaux's first expedition was made in search of the legendary El Dorado, placed by one tradition in the mountains named Tumuc Humac. With some missionaries and negro attendants Crevaux made his way up the river Maroni, noting among the rocks of the rapids the large stones on which the natives polish their stone celts. When once the stone head of the celt has been shaped and sharpened, an incision is made in the trunk of a sapling, the thick end of the stone is thrust into this cleft, the bark and wood tighten round it, and the trunk is cut down and fashioned into the axe-handle. Crevaux had much difficulty with the Youcas, his native wild negro companions. He had killed the totem (an ape) of one old Youca, and the venerable man predicted nothing but bad luck as a consequence of this sacrilege. A settlement of Poligoudoux was reached, and the chief (who was also the head sorcerer, and combined the highest honours of Church and State) was asked to send some men with the expedition. He first consulted Zeus, that is, the Heavens, which he called Gadou in his lingo. As many of the savages of those wilds, especially the Bonis, are descendants of negroes who had been slaves of the Dutch and English, the name Gadou is possibly a corruption of God. It will soon be seen that the Bonis retain a considerable knowledge of the Christian faith, and their language is rich in words of English origin. To return to the medicine-man; before consulting the Heavens he daubed himself all over with white clay (as was customary in the ancient Greek mysteries), and chanted "a mystic chain of verse" which lasted for two hours. He then declared the auspices to be favourable, but made conditions too onerous to be accepted. The missionaries who accompanied Dr. Crevaux must have been greatly shocked by the proceedings. A settlement of the Bonis—negroes lapsed into savagery—was Dr. Crevaux's next point. These people derive their name from an eponymous hero, Boni, the Spartacus of a successful servile war (1772) against the Dutch. The exploits of Boni were of epic grandeur and ferocity (pp. 39, 32). In more recent times the Bonis have waged a doubtful war against an Indian tribe, the Oyacoulets; indeed their hand is against every man's hand—French, Dutch, or Indian. They have proved that they are not unworthy of freedom (whatever Mr. Carlyle thought of "Sambo") by remaining free.

The Bonis wear the scantiest possible clothing, but are healthy

* *Voyages dans l'Amérique du Sud.* By J. Crevaux. Paris: Hachette. 1883.

and clean, living much of their time in the river. Their religion is mixed. They carry fetiches; one old chief wore an eagle's claw embedded in clay. Crevaux borrowed this talisman, and sketched it, remunerating the chief with a little rum. The old black offered the rum solemnly to his fetish, pouring it over the eagle's claw. Other fetiches are of a public character, and do duty for a whole village. A beginning of idolatry may be noticed in a huge clay figure, with great breasts, of *maman groon*, apparently their Demeter; though the goddess's love of dancing attests a more lively character than that we assign to the mother of Persephone. Like other races, the Bonis daub themselves with white clay in their religious rites. They are monogamous, but the chiefs sometimes have two or three wives. Marriages between brothers and sisters are rare, and the culprits are boycotted. Their religious system is Christian in doctrine; the great Gadou made men, red apes, and rice. He has a wife named Maria, and a son called Jest Kisti. The Boni who told Crevaux this was extremely surprised when the Doctor explained to him the Christian beliefs, and mentioned the names which have become so degraded in Boni tradition. Good men, after death, go to Gadou; bad men to a recognizable power named Didibi. Similar ideas, but far more savage, are found among the Andaman islanders, who have certainly been in some way brought into contact with Christian doctrines. The Bonis also retain the totemism which is almost as common in Ashanti as in North America, India, or Australia. "They adore certain animals, but not all the same," like the ancient Egyptians. "One family respects the red ape, another the turtle, a third the cayman." The question arises, Did the ancestors of these families worship the same fauna in Africa, or has the old religion been adapted to the new fauna? So superstitious are the Bonis that they will not even mention the name of any rapid which they happen to be crossing. This superstition about names is very widely diffused. Rome had its secret name; Indra had his, which he let out when he was in a dreadful state of nervous prostration, and thought the serpent Vritra was after him. The Bonis still retain in a tolerably orthodox form the Biblical story of Adam and Eve. Hence the Bonis have no scruple, like the neighbouring Calinas, about killing serpents. The Calinas, by the way, have the myth (Bushman, Greek, Australian, Red Indian) about the monster which swallows men and disgorges them alive. It swallowed a boat with its crew of Calinas, and restored them living and unharmed to the light of the sun (p. 175). The moral of the Adam and Eve story (as told to Apatou, Crevaux's companion, by his grandmother) is, "kill serpents wherever you meet them." The Bonis not only remember the Bible stories which their ancestors learned from the English and Dutch; but they retain the Ananzi stories, in which the spider (like the Bushman mantis insect) is the mythical hero. A selection of Ananzi stories, as told by the negroes in the West Indies, is given in Sir G. W. Dasent's *Tales from the Norse* (second edition, 1859). They also are found in the Yoruba and other tongues in West Africa. "Miss Nancy," a character in the West Indian negro tales, looks like a female Ananzi. Apatou's story in Crevaux's book (pp. 190-191) tells how the spider, the "Brer Rabbit" of these tales, tricked and destroyed a serpent. In one of Sir G. W. Dasent's *märchen* the Ananzi gets the better of a lion. The whole account of the Bonis is very interesting, as it shows us how tenaciously Biblical narratives, once received, endure among an uncivilized people, without interfering in any way with still more ancient native legends and practices. But when we find Kafirs, Bushmen, Zulus, Hottentots, and Red Indians telling rough forms of our own *märchen*, it is less easy to account for that phenomenon by the process of borrowing. The Bonis were deliberately instructed during their period of slavery in the stories of Genesis. But no deliberate instruction in fairy tales has been given, yet the Ananzi stories and the stories of the most remote Bushmen and Kafirs often tally, in an inexplicable way, with the *märchen* of Grimm's collection.

Turning from Boni to European fables, we find Dr. Crevaux undermining our faith in El Dorado. The mountains of Tumuc Humac, he says, are probably not destitute of auriferous reefs. But the Indian reports of abundance of gold are based on the Indian confusion of gold with glittering mica. "C'est sans doute l'existence de grottes formées par des roches micacées qui a servi de base à la légende de l'Eldorado." There is a cave on an affluent of the Yary which seems paved, and walled, and roofed with gold, when the sun penetrates its recesses. But all is not gold that glitters. By the way, how common names like Yary are for rivers! The Yarrow, the Yarra Yarra, in Australia, the Devonshire Yarty, and the ancient name for the Nile, as well as the Yary, which means "moon," are all examples that occur to the memory. Ethnological theories have been founded before now on less odd coincidences.

In his second journey Dr. Crevaux collected some of the rude urns which the Oyapocks deposit with their dead. In form and fashion these urns are very like the clay pots commonly found in early barrows in England. Two of these are engraved on p. 144. He found that the Indians not only attribute human intelligence to animals, but actually believe certain beasts to be *plays*—that is, doctors and sorcerers among their four-footed tribesmen. Dr. Crevaux was himself naturally recognised as a very great *piay*, and was on friendly terms of professional brotherhood with the local medicine-men and conjurers. Among the Oyampis and Roucouyennes he found a singular and instructive example of the taboo. Eggs of every sort are found tabooed to all but the old people, who have persuaded their juniors that, if they eat eggs,

they will never have any children; "for we have no children now and we eat eggs" seems to be the argument of the veteran Oyampis. The Oyampis, unlike the Bonis, have a strong artistic instinct, and when supplied with paper and pencil draw rapidly, if incorrectly. Their designs correspond in character to the ancient engravings on the rocks, which may have been executed by their ancestors. A queer anthropomorphic tendency shows itself in Oyampi drawings of animals; it is not easy to discern a scorpion from a tortoise, both from a representation of a devil, or all three from a caricature of a man. To obtain fire they use a sort of *pramantha*, a long fire-stick rubbed in a hole in a piece of bark till tinder is inflamed. The process occupies about five minutes. Dr. Crevaux made the experiment of surrounding a scorpion with a circle of burning embers. In two seconds the creature made a convulsive movement and fell dead. "The violent convulsion which precedes death is accompanied with a lifting of the tail; but the motion is not of a nature to sting the head," as in the fable which has caused so many cruel experiments to be made on scorpions.

Among the Ouazanas Dr. Crevaux observed some interesting marriage customs. The man joins the tribe of the woman; the husbands practise the *couvade* after the birth of a child—that is, they repose in hammocks and are treated like interesting invalids. If any one enters the hut of a man during the *couvade*, the dogs of the intruder will die. Dr. Crevaux had no dogs, so he was not alarmed by this superstitious opinion, and studied the *couvade* at his ease. He was present at the Yacouman institution of "chasing the Devil" out of the fields. The ceremonies were much like those practised by the Roman Catholic clergy on Rogation Day. The chief scatters holy water, or some liquid of the same properties, with a feather-brush. The initial tortures which young persons about to marry in these tribes suffer by way of preparation for the holy estate of matrimony have already been described in these columns. As a *piay*, Dr. Crevaux was permitted to see and share in the mystic rites by which the wourali poison is prepared. After all, its effects are by no means so instantaneous as M. Fortuné du Boisgobey describes them to be in *Le crime de l'omnibus*.

We have rapidly noted some of the chief ethnological observations of Dr. Crevaux; but space does not suffice for analysis of his adventures, his remarks on natural history and on botany. His book is a most lively and charming contribution to our knowledge of a strange and rich country, from which Bonis and jaguars, Yacoumans and caymans, totems, fetiches, and all are likely to retreat before the faces of French and English colonists.

LIFE OF LORD LAWRENCE.*

THIS biography is not rendered unnecessary by the Life of Henry Lawrence, the joint production of Sir Herbert Edwards and Mr. H. Merivale. Many years ago the former, in discussing the merits of the two brothers, told us that he should look to Henry to strike out some new and original conception, and to John to carry it out. It might not have occurred to the younger brother to found the Lawrence Asylum at Kusowlie. But in dealing with the Land Revenue, the taxation of the community, the criminal and civil codes, John Lawrence showed equal earnestness and greater impartiality and foresight. Both these men played important parts in Anglo-Indian wars, treaties, and administration for nearly forty years. Both were obeyed and revered by a large school of followers, who have in various provinces added, here a tiny pebble and there a shapely corner-stone, to the solid edifice of Anglo-Indian valour and statesmanship. One brother guided the policy of Lord Hardinge, and after a temporary subsidence, rose very high in the estimation of Lord Canning. The other was to Lord Dalhousie what Hirtius was to Caesar, or Ney to Napoleon. The career of either would have ennobled any one family or reflected lustre on the English character and name. The biography of Henry Lawrence, in spite of the marked contrast between the easy flow of the first and the tameness of the second volume, has been read with pleasure by thousands of readers. We venture to predict a wider circulation for these two volumes, which deal with the active life of a civilian who began his career on the lowest rung of the ladder as Assistant-magistrate under the East India Company, and did not stop working when he had ceased to be the foremost servant of the Crown.

If anything was wanting to support the paradoxical opinion of the late Mr. Stuart Mill, that without quitting the country he was as competent to write a History of India as Robertson was to write about Charles V. and Tacitus about the manners of the Germans, though these distinguished men had never been to Spain or Germany, it might be found in this latest literary effort of Mr. Bosworth Smith. But there is all the difference between the philological, ethnical, and political knowledge requisite to deal with a History of India, and the requisites for the biography of a man who influenced the course of events in that country by sheer force of character and principle. We have here further proof of the author's qualifications for literary work. We recognize his arrangement and method; his ability to sift, digest, and utilize his materials; and his style, which is never dull or commonplace, but animated and

* *Life of Lord Lawrence*. By R. Bosworth Smith, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, Assistant-Master at Harrow School, Author of "Mohammed and Mohammedanism," "Carthage and the Carthaginians." 2 vols. with Portrait and Maps. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1883.

expressive, and often rises to eloquence. To the obvious criticisms that Mr. Bosworth Smith has never passed the first standard in Hindi or Urdu, and has not scamped through India between November and February, returning to tell his friends at Harrow that he had ridden on an elephant, interviewed a Raja, and shot a tiger, the work itself is a satisfactory reply. Besides public documents, Blue-books, and copies of semi-official letters, much private correspondence has been handed over to the author. Reminiscences of early life at Londonderry, Haileybury College, Goorgaon, Delhi, and Etawa have been freely supplied by contemporaries still living. Anecdotes have been recovered, criticized, and tested. Care has been expended on the spelling of Oriental names and the correct designations of Anglo-Indian functionaries. A critic in a daily contemporary has remarked that with regard to the second Afghan War the author unluckily has displayed the spirit of a partisan. This was perhaps unavoidable; and we can scarcely conceive a memoir of Peel including his action on the Corn Laws, or one of Earl Grey referring to the Reform Bill of 1832, which should be wholly devoid of defence and defiance. But we shall be much surprised, whatever deductions or criticisms may be made by halting supporters or political foes, if these volumes do not take a high rank amongst those biographies which tell us exactly what we want to know about men who have risen to greatness without crime or guilt, and by native vigour rather than by scientific discoveries, scholarly acquisitions, or far-ranging intellectual powers.

Yet the dunces of this generation must not console themselves by the pleasant reflection that the future Viceroy only scraped through his examinations at Haileybury. He took prizes in law, political economy, and Bengali, a language of which he was not destined to make much use in his career. He had rather set his heart on gaining, during his last term, the medal for the subject on which Malthus lectured, but was beaten, we think, by Mr. David Robertson; and, though not a profound historian, he was fond of reading history, and applied its political and military lessons with remarkable directness and force. Lawrence would no doubt always have set himself against over-cramming, but he had plenty of application when he liked, and left the East India College third on the list. There was a sort of lull in the history of India when young John Lawrence went to his first appointment as assistant-magistrate and collector under the Resident at Delhi. Long before 1830 the Mahratta powers had been broken up and routed, the Pindarries dispersed, and the tedious first Burmese campaign had been recently brought to a satisfactory conclusion at an enormous expense. Suttees had been abolished. Bentinck was recognizing the claims of the natives to education and office. The Afghan troubles had not yet commenced. Diplomatic posts were not so tempting or numerous as to attract the ambition of young civilians. After a short period of discontent and irresolution, equally experienced by others who have risen high in the service, Lawrence settled down quietly to his work in the Delhi division. Mr. Bosworth Smith has given a capital account of the invaluable training which Lawrence then underwent, of the intense energy he threw into his work, and of the mastery which he acquired over the proclivities of the criminal and the customs of the mechanic and agricultural classes. He was a bold rider, a good shot, and a practised Orientalist. Whether scouring the country, or sitting in the door of his tent like a patriarch, or lounging in his own verandah, he carried out fully Sir John Malcolm's celebrated maxim of *Char darwaza khola*. His "four doors" were always "open" to the complaint of the Ryot who could not pay his assessment, of the old woman who had been robbed of her savings, or of the English assistant who wanted advice in some trying conjuncture. An excellent selection of Kutcherry anecdotes shows what the discipline of a young civilian was and ought to be. Neither papers nor examiners can test it. Other men in other Provinces of India could no doubt tell stories to rival in interest the rescue of a drowning Russalder, the detection of a fratricide, "the widow and her money-bags," and "the disputed boundary," as well as the pursuit and conviction of the Nawab who with his trooper planned and carried out the murder of Mr. William Fraser. Many a good Commissioner has profited by the lessons of the Settlement Office and the Magistrate's Court. But few have been enabled to turn them to such invaluable account. Mr. Bosworth Smith lays more stress than we should do on Lawrence's supersession under the rules of the service in one or two instances, and he notes truly enough that nothing was done either by Lord William Bentinck or Lord Auckland to take him out of the crowd of his competitors and colleagues. After ten years of hard work and one or two severe illnesses, he took furlough, travelled, enjoyed himself, married, and returned to India at the close of 1842.

His opportunity came with the first Sikh War. Lord Hardinge, in passing through Delhi on his way to the frontier, was struck with the decision and vigour of its magistrate, and so, after the victory of Sobraon, Mr. John Lawrence was sent for and made Commissioner of the Jullundur Doab. This great leap, as his biographer terms it, was taken when he was only thirty-four years of age. Here was everything calculated to test his powers of educating his English subordinates and dealing with wild and martial tribes. He made a summary settlement of the revenue, substituting payment in money for payment in kind, put an end to Suttee, infanticide, and the immolation of lepers, and tolerated native ways when not inconsistent with the reign of law. The end of the

second Sikh War found him a member of the Board at Lahore, of which his brother was the President; and here the same process of enforcing obedience and conciliating chiefs and people was carried on for eight years over a far wider area, and with more important results. We doubt if many Englishmen outside the services have ever quite comprehended the magnitude of the obstacles surmounted or of the triumphs achieved in the Punjab. No doubt the Lawrences knew their business thoroughly, and they were seconded by a band of men picked out of the Civil Service and the army, who, with some exceptions, were fully equal to the duty of retaining whatever was valuable in native organization, and of introducing all the tested results of British administration without their cumbrous environments of circulars, statistics, and contradictory codes. All this was not accomplished without severe struggles. There was an animated contest between the members of the Board and Sir Charles Napier, whose language was as reckless as his predictions were false. Then came the celebrated disagreement between the two brothers. They differed in many things, but the treatment of pensioners and of alienations of State Revenue brought matters to a head. Henry was too favourable to Jaghirdars, Bedees, and all the class of rent-free holders whom the prodigality of Ranjit Sing had favoured. John thought most of the agricultural population and the dues and liabilities of the State. We have read the whole correspondence, which the biographer has dissected; and, without casting reflections on Henry Lawrence's fine character, have not the least doubt that the younger brother was wholly in the right. So, at any rate, thought Lord Dalhousie; and Henry Lawrence, though he might have been appointed to the Presidency of Hyderabad, decided to look after Rajpoot chiefs from the summit of Mount Abo. Mr. Bosworth Smith gives us a sketch of Lord Dalhousie, which this statesman's correspondence will enlarge whenever it is published, somewhere about the year 1910. It is more correct in outline and colour than the portrait drawn by Sir John Kaye. But yet we do not think the biographer of Lord Lawrence has completely apprehended the extraordinary personal influence wielded by Lord Dalhousie over all who ever listened to the sound of his voice, or read the vigorous minutes of his pen. Very possibly the great Proconsul was imperious, rather exacting, prompt to punish, stern to rebuke. But not since the days of Wellesley, "that glorious little man," was political trust and dependence on their chief so felt in India by a host of subordinates, from the President of the Board to the Assistant-Commissioner. To serve under Lord Dalhousie was like serving under Nelson, or, to use the more homely language of Dandie Dinmont when he recognized Counsellor Pleydell at the crisis of Bertram's fate, "Odd, if it's your honour, we'll a' be as right and tight as thack and rape (rope) can make us." The epithet "grand" had not then been invented for statesmen.

Naturally, after the unstinted support given by Lord Dalhousie, Lawrence felt some apprehension as to his precise position under Lord Canning. But the new Governor-General, though differing in many points from his predecessor, was a high-minded, conscientious, magnanimous ruler; and the selections from the correspondence from this portion of the life do credit to both. Lawrence could combine plain speaking with respect for high office; and, unlike some other eminent Anglo-Indians, could obey as well as command. "O! Si sic omnia dixissent." But close personal intercourse between the two men was soon rendered impossible by the Mutiny, just fifteen months after Lord Canning had landed in India. We shall not attempt any analysis of events which, variously narrated by Kaye, Colonel Malleson, General Shadwell, and many others, are treated with discrimination and graphic power by Mr. Bosworth Smith. How Lawrence rose to every emergency, anticipated dangers, raised levies, drained his local treasures, conciliated or awed Rajas, and showed himself far more of a strategist and tactician than the Commander-in-Chief, can be read in the first half of vol. ii. It was perhaps fortunate that isolation left Lawrence free to choose his own man and to act on his own responsibility. He was splendidly backed by the civilians and soldiers of his own school; and the Sikhs and others who had since the annexation begun to turn their spears into pruning-hooks were as ready at his bidding to take up arms and march straight down on Delhi as if they had been summoned by the call of Guru Har Govind. There were plenty of discontented spirits who were on the look-out for our misfortunes, and many others whose wonderful fidelity would not much longer have borne the severe strain to which they were put.

Sed vigilat consul, vexillaque vestra coeret.

To one episode of this period we must draw special attention. In the last years of Lord Lawrence's life he was more than once taunted with having been quite prepared to abandon Peshawar and retire on this side of the Indus. A whole chapter is devoted to this controversy, and nothing is slurred over, kept back, underestimated, or explained away. Those who have had the advantage of discussing the matter with Lord Lawrence himself know perfectly well that he only proposed to withdraw from that cantonment and hold the line of the Indus as the very last resource if Delhi should not fall. And we now read with perfect amazement the argument of so good a soldier and administrator as Sir Herbert Edwardes that Delhi "was not India," and that General Reed, if he could not get "reinforcements from below," had better "abandon the siege, and fall back on the Sutlej." Sir Herbert on the frontier could have known nothing whatever of the intense

earnestness with which the eyes of every Englishman and every native were fixed on the capital of the Moghul Empire. It is, on the contrary, true to the very letter that Delhi was then India. The feeling of the community from the date of the Cawnpore massacre to the fall of Delhi—a period of some six weeks—was one of intense and absorbing anxiety as to the success or disaster of our little army. After the capture, Englishmen began to breathe freely and again to look natives in the face. A repulse or retreat would have convulsed Bombay, the whole Southern Mahratta country, lost us Benares and Behar, while even Bengal Proper would hardly have been safe. The true interpretation of this vexed question is that Lawrence was prepared to sacrifice a valuable outpost and to face all consequences, in order to retain our hold of empire by reconquering Delhi. Fortunately he was not called on to decide, and when Delhi had fallen, such questions as the relief of Lucknow, the pacification of the Doab, and the reconquest of Oudh, however important, were no longer turning-points in the history of British dominion.

One curious feature of this part of the Mutiny was that Lawrence, though he would have sent his last rupee and his last soldier to the aid of Wilson and Nicolson while the siege lasted, had on its termination no more legal jurisdiction over the Delhi territory than the youngest ensign. In a crisis, official precedents and red tape are happily set aside, and Lord Lawrence was in a position to stop indiscriminate retaliation, to dispense with martial law, and to save that splendid monument, the Jumma Masjid or great mosque, from desecration and ruin. It is a fact not generally known that when matters were at their worst the greater portion of the Punjab was still governed by the ordinary tribunals without recourse to martial law. The Mutiny over, Lawrence, sorely taxed in mind and body, came home, as he thought, for good. A very pleasant chapter tells us of his quiet life at Southall for five years, of his weight and influence in the Indian Council, of greetings by friends and receptions by representative bodies; in short, of what Macaulay in a celebrated passage has described as the association with all that is most endearing or touching in domestic charities, as well as with public veneration and imperishable renown. But he had not seen the last of India. One morning, at the close of 1863, Lord Halifax, then known as Sir Charles Wood, and one of the most discerning of Indian Secretaries, looked into his room and said, "You are to go to India as Governor-General." And to Calcutta he went, arriving there on the very date on which sixteen years before Lord Dalhousie had ascended the steps of Government House in succession to Lord Hardinge. The biographer shows judgment in compressing the viceroyalty into three pregnant chapters. Lawrence did not become great because he was thought worthy to fill the seat of Wellesley and Dalhousie, of Bentinck and of Canning. His five years of administration were not marked by momentous foreign expeditions or fresh acquisitions of territory. No Raja revolted and no principality lapsed. The Viceroy very soon found that administration, associated with able but independent colleagues, was not quite as smooth as the government of the Punjab. There was no obstruction nor factiousness, but occasionally a free lance in the Cabinet upset calculations and prolonged debates. Nevertheless an immense deal of solid, practical legislation was accomplished. The work of conciliation begun by Lord Canning was completed. The Income-tax was abolished, rather against the wishes of the Viceroy, who would have retained it at a low figure; sundry troublesome questions regarding tenant-right, with which none but a trained civilian could have grappled, were set at rest; and an impulse was given to the whole machinery of government all over the Empire by the guiding hand of a master who knew exactly what was expected of the Commissioner of division, and what humbler duty fell to the lot of Mr. De Souza, his Eurasian clerk. It may be said, too, that the legislative and executive changes of the Viceroy's Council and Cabinet carried with them more effect for a little honest opposition, and Lord Lawrence, though his temper may have been occasionally tried, had at any rate the satisfaction of numbering among his colleagues men who could support or oppose with great ability and independence, none of whom were mere dummies and mutes.

Into the Afghan controversy which occupied his years of retirement we have no wish to enter, but Mr. Bosworth Smith's pages prove incontrovertibly that, whatever may be the best means of dealing with it, Lord Lawrence never underrated the power of Russia for intrigue or menace. He was as much alive to the chances of foreign aggression as to those of internal revolt. No particular chapter is devoted to an analysis of Lord Lawrence's character, but its salient points are described as they appeared in the early days at Foyle and Londonderry, as they gained strength by his training at Delhi and Etawah, and as they influenced his subsequent career at Lahore and Calcutta. While adding to his stock of experience, he never lost the honesty of his purpose, the "heroic simplicity" of his character, or his strong sense of duty. Equally unflinching was his clear, vigorous good sense. The rough features in his character which led him to write sharp minutes and to vent pithy aphorisms about defaulters or incapables, were gradually toned down. Elevation, honours, or distinctions only gave more dignity to the character which they never spoilt. To his friends and subordinates he was to the last little more than the Chief Commissioner of the Punjab. And, if traces of irritation appear in some of his letters, he was ready to do full justice to acrimonious colleagues or impracticable legates, while of rancour, ill nature, gossip, scandal, or personal hostility no

one will detect a trace. Many readers of all ages will refer to these volumes to refresh their recollection of what is now history, or to gain some insight into the best principles of Anglo-Indian government. They contain instruction much needed by all parties; and young Englishmen starting in any profession, though they may never rule an Empire, quell a mutiny, or win a peerage, cannot do better than take for their model the public and private character of John, first Lord Lawrence.

THE WHITE PILGRIM.*

MR. MERIVALE has certainly done well in publishing in a form more permanent than it has yet had his fine play, *The White Pilgrim*—one of the comparatively few instances which these later days supply of theatrical work which is at once dramatic and instinct with poetry both in feeling and expression. Playgoers will remember that the success of its career upon the stage was not by any means equal to the deserts of the work. It was produced at a theatre, and in some important cases with interpreters, hardly fitted for such an undertaking. It made its mark in one sense; it was recognized as a piece of work quite out of the common and filled with high qualities; but its stage life was not long; indeed it could hardly be long unless the part of the White Pilgrim was taken by a player of unusual poetical insight and expressive power; and this part, beautiful and important as it is, is hardly in the technical sense a leading part.

The legend which Mr. Merivale has embodied in verse that is of excellent structure and phraseology, and that thoroughly deserves the name of poetry, was, as the writer reminds us in a short preface, "devised by the graceful fancy of my friend Mr. Gilbert à Beckett." The story was of course suggested, as Mr. Merivale says, by a certain part of that exquisite book *Sintram*; but in the founding of the play upon the suggestion we find an invention and a feeling for true romance too seldom present in the performances of modern playwrights. The play opens with a scene showing the exterior of Harold's castle in Finland, and we alternately hear a drinking chorus from the castle and a hymn from a Christian chapel hard by. Harold, as we presently learn, is wavering between two influences, that of the Christian lady, Thordisa, to whom he has been and again becomes betrothed, and that of his Pagan guardian, Sigurd. Both the characters referred to are drawn with something more than a practised hand. Thordisa is the ideal of a pure influence surrounded by barbaric excesses, and in one admirable touch the dramatist saves her from the imputation of dull coldness which Harold in his angry moments flings at her:—

Cold! well, I may have been; but watch the sun
Behind yon bleak heights wake the tremulous dawn,
Ere yet has faded the evening afterglow;—
We northern maidens are not passionate;
Yet is our love like to our summer, Harold—
It may lack colour, but it knows not night.

Sigurd, who is the deformed fierce guardian of Harold, and whose nature is as evil as human nature can be, is a daring creation, the daring of which is justified by the dramatist's power of manipulating his invention. It may only be doubted whether, at least for stage purposes, the touch indicated of real affection for Harold is desirable. Iago had no such weaknesses, unless we are to think that he was really jealous of Emilia, and Sigurd is as detestable a monster as Iago was. Perhaps, however, the criticism is suggested rather by a want of proportion than by a want of insight; either more should have been made of the one kindly touch in Sigurd's hateful nature, or it should have been left to speak for itself in his speech and demeanour to Harold without any further insistence upon it. "Why do you hate the Norman?" asks Rolf of Sigurd in the third act, and Sigurd answers:—

For his youth
And for his fairness, as I hate the world,
The light, and whatsoever power it is
That brings men such as I am into being,
And vents its spite on me, who will give back
As much—and more. For I have but the space
Of a short life to circumscribe my spleen,
While it may fashion others like to me,
And spit its venom out to the end of time.
I love that boy though—or I think I do—
And he shall keep his word; I know a spell
To set those two at one another's throats.

In the first act Sigurd, roused to anger by Thordisa's resuming her influence over Harold, has, after Thordisa's departure on a month's pilgrimage, induced Harold by incessant and diabolical jeering to take "Earl Olaf's oath." The nature of this oath has been artfully revealed previously, and it is recited in stirring verse by Harold. Its purport is that if any Norman sets foot in the castle within twenty-four hours Harold will kill him before a month is out: Death is invoked as a witness; the White Pilgrim, as in the original legend of Earl Olaf, appears unseen by all save Rolf; a knocking is heard at the castle gate; two strangers, a knight and his wife, appear seeking shelter, and to the question whence they come, the knight replies, "From Normandy," on which answer the curtain falls.

* *The White Pilgrim; and other Poems.* By Herman Charles Merivale, Author of "Faucit of Balliol" &c. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited, 1883.

In the second act we find the action continued with Harold's fancy for Isabelle, the wife of the Norman knight Hugo; with Sigurd's infamous designs to fan that fancy into a flame of passion, and his stealthy reminders to Harold of his terrible oath; with the re-appearance of Thordisa; and, above all, with the first appearance of the White Pilgrim, who speaks to Thordisa in a speech of rare beauty, from which we venture to make some excerpts, although to do so is in one sense unjust to the whole speech. Thordisa, distracted at the news of Harold's faithlessness, calls on Death with every invocation that can give to death a dreadful meaning; and the White Pilgrim appears, seen only by Thordisa, who ends her appeal with "Come, fiend!" and resumes when she and the vision are left alone together:—

Spirit, I know thee not. I look on thee
With awe, but not with terror. All my fears
Fall from me as a garment. Art thou—

Pilgrim. Hush,
Miscall me not! Men have miscalled me much,
Have given harsh names and harsher thoughts to me,
Reviled and evilly entreated me,
Built me strange temples as an unknown God,
Then called me idol, devil, unclean thing,
And to rude insult bowed my godhead down.

Tender I am, not cruel: when I take
The shape most hard to human eyes, and pluck
The little baby-blossom yet unblown,
'Tis but to graft it on a kindlier stem,
And, leaping o'er the perilous years of growth,
Unswayed of sorrow, and unscathed of wrong,
Clothe it at once with rich maturity.
'Tis I that give a soul to memory;
For round the follies of the bad I throw
The mantle of a kind forgetfulness;
But, canonized in dear Love's calendar,
I sanctify the good for evermore.
Miscall me not! my generous fulness lends
Home to the homeless, to the friendless friends;
To the starved babe, the mother's tender breast;
Wealth to the poor, and to the restless—rest!

The second act ends with a refrain of the chapel chant heard in the first scene, while Thordisa stands looking after the Pilgrim, who has left the stage just before. In the third act things work up to a climax. Thordisa's influence works against Sigurd's to prevent Harold from murdering Hugo; Rolf, torn with contending emotions, gives Isabelle a vague warning, which induces her to employ cajoleries to keep Harold within her sight; and Sigurd, fearing to be baffled, lets fall a hint to Hugo that his host is betraying him. The act closes upon Hugo's furious accusation of Harold, who, having in the first act received a ring from Thordisa, with the inscription "Thro' Life to Death, thro' Death to Life," has repeated the words to Isabelle in Sigurd's hearing:—

Hugo. Before all here,
In full arraignment, you shall plead to this:
To whom were those words spoken? Say to whom,
And damn thyself!

Thordisa (coming forward). He spoke those words to me.

The difficulty now is to avoid anything like an anti-climax in the fourth act, and lest we should spoil the interest of those who have not yet read or seen *The White Pilgrim*, we will leave them to find out for themselves how successfully Mr. Merivale has done this, and with how touching a conclusion he ends a moving play, to the beauties of which, both in thought and language, our brief sketch can hardly do justice. We have said something of its failure on the stage and its causes; and we are not disposed to agree altogether with the extremely pessimistic views suggested to Mr. Merivale in his preface by that failure. "Its stage life," he says, "was not a long one, and under modern conditions could hardly be so. . . . Lord Ellenborough is reported once to have said, as a warning to barristers, 'There are callings in which to be suspected of literature is dangerous.' I am afraid that the calling of a dramatist is one of them." This is too violent and sweeping a conclusion to be drawn from the failure of an admirable play produced at a theatre and by actors completely unfitted for the particular kind of piece.

The remainder of Mr. Merivale's volume is occupied with poetry and with verse which exhibit a remarkable talent, versatility, and fluency. Of the poetry we would specially recommend "Old and New Rome," the three sacred poems at the end, the fine poem "Peace—and Honour," and several of the songs and ballads, notably the "Venetian Boat Song," and "Les Enfants de Bohème," the writing of which shows a remarkable command of the French language and of that very ticklish thing to handle, French verse. The other French piece is less successful. Among the verse we may point to "Häkel of Jena" as a capital piece of fooling. For the political verses not so much can be said. Mr. Merivale hopes in his prefaces that the political verses "may be taken in the spirit in which they are written, of freedom from offence. I have carefully revised them with that view, conscious that expressions which may pass for the moment should have no longer life than *ce que vivent les plaisanteries*." The author's notion of how long that life should be seems curiously wide; and his judgment has hardly been as good as his intent. But, on the other hand, such trifling injudiciousness as he may have shown is outweighed by the fine qualities of the poem referred to on the death of Lord Beaconsfield, whose policy Mr. Merivale, to judge from other verses, disliked most heartily, but whose character he could appreciate and admire. It would be well if all Radicals would take a lesson

from this poem, of which we cannot resist quoting the first and last stanza:—

Hushed are the sounds of party strife
In reverence round the quiet bed,
As all the busy stream of Life
Seems stayed beside one spirit fled:
And England sends the message on,
To West and East—A great man gone.

So, England's Minister, good-night!
Nor praise nor blame can touch thee now.
Safe from the fierce and public light
Which beat upon thy vessel's prow:
Thy place is with the great alone,
Not one's, nor other's. England's own.

DR. GUEST ON RHYTHM*

THIS reprint of Dr. Guest's well-known book will be welcome to all students of English verse. The present editor truly says that its numerous and well-arranged quotations give the work a great and permanent value; we will add that this value is much enhanced by the copious index which Mr. Skeat has compiled, and by the complete references which he gives to the source from which each quotation is drawn. The title is somewhat misleading, although many historical facts of interest are to be found in the book, more especially with reference to Anglo-Saxon and Early English metres. We should rather describe the work as treating of the analysis and classification of English metres according to a new system based on Anglo-Saxon practice. Mr. Skeat does not insist upon the merit of this system, which, to our thinking, is in itself of small value, although it led Dr. Guest to write a valuable and interesting work. It must, however, be conceded that no two persons ever yet agreed concerning the theory of English verse.

The older writers assumed that each line was composed of feet analogous to those employed in classical metres, and their theory is not wholly abandoned even in the present day. Accented and unaccented syllables are, however, now usually accepted as the elements of the English metrical foot in place of the longs and shorts of our gradus, but the word accent is somewhat loosely used to denote any prominence given to any syllable. It is clear that feet consisting of elements which differ merely by their strength and weakness are not metrically equivalent to feet composed of long and short syllables. The ancient foot measured an interval of time, whereas in English verse we allow, and indeed demand, that successive feet called by the same name shall occupy dissimilar and irregular periods. Notwithstanding this broad distinction, it is found that our English iambs, trochees, and anapaests arranged in accordance with classical laws produce lines possessing many of the qualities which ancient grammarians attribute to the analogous classical metres; but lines in which an attempt is made to combine spondee and dactyls in classical fashion are not very successful.

So long as scanning was looked upon as a formal matter, having very little connexion with the sound of well-spoken sentences, the heroic line commonly used in blank verse was with no hesitation treated as a simple iambic of five feet. With the aid of a little license, all difficulty found in scanning lines in this or any other metre was easily explained away. Indeed, our language is so wonderfully flexible that no theorist has any difficulty in bending the vast majority of examples under his own special yoke; and when he comes upon some more than usually stubborn verse he says the line is bad, though Milton, Pope, or Shakespeare may have written it. Mr. Gould Brown, in his *Grammar of English Grammars*, gives examples of all sorts of metres classically scanned, and quotes the following lines from *Paradise Lost* to illustrate the catalectic iambic pentameter. A vertical line is used both by Dr. Guest and Mr. Gould Brown to denote that an accent falls on the preceding syllable:—

No soon | -er had | th' Almighty | -y ceas'd | —but all |
The mul | -titude | of an | -gels with | a shout
Loud as | from num | -bers with | -out nam | ber, sweet
As from | blest voi | -ces ut | -tering joy | heav'n rung, &c.

Far be it from us to decide which of these so-called feet the grammarian considered to be iambs, which trochees, and which perhaps spondees. By an effort of the will we may conceive that "titude" and "gels with" are in some way like iambs; though, if we are to call the second syllables of these feet accented, the word accent must receive a definition of much-embracing amplitude.

Dr. Guest pays no regard to scansion such as this. In dealing with modern verse he never mentions feet, but substitutes for the old-fashioned scansion a wholly different method of analysis based on the final and middle pause. According to him, the rhythmic element in all English verse is a *section* or group of syllables bounded by a pause at either end. The shortest section must, he says, contain at least two, and the longest section at most three, accented syllables. It is, for Dr. Guest, a self-obvious axiomatic law for all forms of English verse that two consecutive syllables cannot both be accented. Each accented syllable must be separated by one or by two unaccented syllables, and the section may begin or close in three ways—with an accented syllable, with an unac-

* *A History of English Rhythms*. By Edwin Guest, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., late Master of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. A New Edition, edited by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A. London: George Bell & Sons. 1882.

cented syllable, or with two unaccented syllables. These laws admit of thirty-six forms of the section, no one of which is called better or worse than its neighbour. Each line of English verse is said to be built up of two out of these thirty-six sections; and very numerous examples are given to show that all metres can in this way be analysed and classified. At first one is inclined to think the method at least novel; but the novelty is less obvious on further consideration. Stripped of disguise, Dr. Guest's analysis, applied to the heroic line, amounts to this.

Each line of blank verse has five accented syllables, and usually five unaccented syllables separating the others; but now and then an extra unaccented syllable is added, and at other times one is left out. Moreover, a pause occurs between the second and third accents, or between the third and fourth. We think these statements neither new nor wholly true. Three hundred and twenty-four distinct verses of five accents can be built by combining two of the thirty-six permitted sections; but even the author of the theory does not venture to say that all these will form good heroic lines, or good lines of any sort, nor can he give us any clue as to which will or will not be successful; he merely notes which of these combinations have been used by poets with success, and in these we easily discover our old friends the iamb and the trochee. Dr. Guest has observed no new fact; he simply offers us a new and complex notation by which we may name and classify many varieties of verse. Critical examination is not aided by this new notation, for indeed our author makes no attempt to show why one combination should sound better than another, nor does the new method remove any of the difficulties which confessedly arise in scanning. Like Mr. Brown, Dr. Guest must find five accents in Milton's line,

The multitude of angels with a shout;

whereas a plain man without a theory would surely say there were but three. But Dr. Guest plays lightly with accents, tossing them with much ease from syllable to syllable. Ben Jonson wrote

A third thought wise and learned, a fourth rich,

and we think this good stout line well able to withstand all the assaults of its enemies; but unfortunately there are two consecutive accents on the last two syllables in plain defiance of the Doctor's rule. He condemns the line as in duty bound, but not for this reason. He selects it as an example of the vicious practice of putting an accent on the article "a," not a little to the bewilderment of the straightforward reader who, at this page of the book, has not yet learnt the law of the composition of sections, according to which no two accented syllables ever can come together; since the line is undoubtedly verse, Dr. Guest logically concluded that "a" was accented and "fourth" was not. Jonson might allege that he had no intention of putting an accent on the article; but then he knew nothing of the new rules of verse. Again, Milton wrote—

Thus at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,
Both turned.

One line ends with three strong syllables, and the next begins with two—we have here apparently five consecutive accents—but Dr. Guest escapes from this difficulty with the greatest readiness. In defiance of Dr. Johnson, who thought differently, he will not allow that "both" receives an accent in either line.

He assumes as incontrovertible that there are always five accents in each heroic line, neither more nor less. We have already quoted a line from Milton with only three accents, and to our ear there are no less than seven accented syllables in the following example from Pope, as in many others:—

Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides.

At least we are certain that seven of these syllables should be pronounced with emphasis, and that any person beating time while he speaks the verse with dramatic effect will strike seven blows. The old practice of scanning fits all these lines better than the new law of five accents adopted by Mr. Gould Brown, Dr. Guest, and many others.

The hard and fast rule for the position of the middle pause leads to difficulties quite as great as those raised by the laws for the formation of each section. Thus, our author writes, "There are many instances, and some of high authority, in which the middle pause falls in the midst of a word; these, however, should not be imitated." As an example he gives Milton's line:—

My ang | er un | : appea | sable | still ra | ges.

Again, the unprepared reader might imagine that Milton never intended a pause to come where the colon is placed, but in that case where would the law of sections be? Indeed, even with the pause placed to suit our theorist, the second section with an accent on "ble" and none on "still" must have seemed to him a very tough morsel. Yet the line is in Milton's noblest style.

A supporter of Dr. Guest, while admitting that the condemned lines are good, might perhaps urge that the new theory has been found to fit a vast number of examples, and need not be rejected because here and there an exceptional verse falls outside the rules. To this we answer that it would indeed be strange if some one of the three hundred and twenty-four modes of analysing a simple line of five feet should not be found applicable to most cases; but, as the theory is absolutely general, it must, if true, fit all examples; and in this it fails. We shall readily grant that some of the lines which defy the new analysis are not of the normal heroic type; but, to satisfy Dr. Guest we must go much further and admit that, unless the line is mispronounced so as to let the pause and accents fall

after his fashion, the lines are not verse of any kind, but prose, which is absurd.

Our author is quite fearless in applying his theory even to those examples which have been most obviously written to scan. Thus he prints a verse from Gray as follows:—

When the British : warrior Queen,
Bleeding from the : Roman rods,
Sought with an : indignant mien
Counsel of her : country's gods.

The two dots indicate that Anglo-Saxon pause which he always finds even when, as in the last three lines, any such pause in the delivery would make the verse ridiculous.

In fine, the new theory requires that we should often pause where no pause is possible, call syllables accented on which no stress falls, and others unaccented on which the plain meaning of the words demands emphasis. It offers no criterion of excellence nor any clue by which we might recover the almost lost art of elocution. Under a new name we meet with the old false law, classifying verse by the mere number of accents; and in place of scansion, we are offered new and far more complex rules which, notwithstanding their great laxity, are yet inapplicable to much good verse. We conclude that the new theory is of small value. And yet we hold that Dr. Guest was guided by historical research to the very threshold of the door, which, had he opened it, would have disclosed all the secrets of English rhythm and metre.

In discussing the arrangement of his subject, he promises to treat of a "metre which resulted from modifying the longer Anglo-Saxon rhythms by the accentual rhythm of the Latin chants," and again of other metres "which appear to be the natural growth of the Latin rhythm modified by the native rhythm of our language." Here, as we think, is the root of the whole matter. Two independent verse-systems have endowed English poetry with power and beauty. Two series of rhythmical elements, one classical and one native to the soil, co-exist in each verse; but this idea did not occur to Dr. Guest, for, as we find in later chapters, he simply meant that certain modes of old-fashioned verse were possibly suggested by Latin and others by English rhythms. He makes no attempt to show how Anglo-Saxon rhythm and classic metre became blended. He simply abandons all scansion, and in the place of any law of living rhythm which our ear can recognize, he offers meaningless rules, based, so far as they have any base, upon the look of lines as written, not upon their sound as heard.

One object in passing this strong condemnation on the proposed theory is to set the reader free fully to enjoy the charming book in which this fallacy is set forth. If he will pass carelessly over all references to the new dogma, he may wander with untired mind in a delightful maze of history, poetry, and criticism. When he reaches certain translations from the Anglo-Saxon, their rugged sections may not improbably inspire him with awe, and yet in the rifts even of their middle pauses he may find matter for pleasant cogitation. Elsewhere an almost endless series of lines quoted from our best poets will lure him onward by a charm comparable with that which we experience as we dreamily peruse an early edition of Johnson's Dictionary, and that charm is great.

STUDIES IN RUSSIAN LITERATURE.*

SOME years ago a Russian writer published a work in which he investigated the causes of what he styled the poverty of the literature of his native land. He had not very far to go in order to discover the causes of which he was in search. The utter ignorance of the immense majority of the nation, the frivolity or apathy of the small minority, a long-continued contempt on the part of the upper classes for the national tongue, the absence during centuries of freedom of thought or speech, the want of such material rewards as might nurture literary talent—these and many other drawbacks helped to bring about the poverty of which the Russian critic complained. Of ability there has been no lack in Russia; but it has for the most part been turned to other than literary uses. The weight of authority long suppressed all manifestations of originality. The fierce desire to overthrow all authority now renders callous to intellectual delights many minds which, under such fostering influences as other lands possess, might add to the literary treasures of the world.

We fear that Mr. Turner's volume of "Studies" will not leave upon the minds of his readers any very favourable impression with regard to Russian literature. They will doubtless find the lives of the Northern writers interesting; but they will probably consider their writings for the most part, so far as they can judge of them from the specimens given in the present work, somewhat commonplace. For this, however, Mr. Turner is not to blame. His translations appear to have been made with painstaking conscientiousness, and in dealing with poetry he has adopted the only safe method—that of rendering literally into prose. The fact is that the works of the majority of the authors with whom Mr. Turner deals have but few intrinsic charms. Such writers as Kantemier, Sumarokoff, and Von Viesin undoubtedly deserve very great credit for having written at all, considering the immense difficulties with which they had to contend, and they ought to be judged with the

* *Studies in Russian Literature.* By Charles Edward Turner, English Lecturer in the University of St. Petersburg. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

indulgence which, as is universally acknowledged, is due to the bear which dances in chains. Their writings also possess a great historic interest, but that fact does not prevent them from being tedious. Lomonosoff, the marvellous fisher-boy who forced his way into the Imperial Academy, may be considered a miracle of erudition, due regard being paid to the almost insuperable difficulties with which he was forced to contend, and he rendered a service of the highest importance to Russian literature by settling its foundations aright; but his writings may well be left to repose undisturbed. The effusions of Catherine II. have, of course, that value which must ever be justly ascribed to the products of an Imperial pen; but they have no other claim to immortality. What is most remarkable about them is perhaps the fact that a German Princess should have written Russian so well. Derzhavin and Jukovsky were fluent verse-writers; Kriloff was an admirable composer of epigrammatic fables; and Karamzin produced a *History of Russia* which deserves very high praise. But it is not till we reach those chapters of Mr. Turner's work which he has devoted to Gogol, Poushkin, and Lermontoff, that we are introduced to writers who have any claim to be considered men of genius. As to Nekrasoff, with whom the series concludes, he belongs to a different age from that of the rest, and it would have been better to have reserved him, as a representative of the thought of the present day, for a second instalment of "Studies."

Gogol was a really original writer who, if his lines had fallen in better places, might have achieved a reputation as widely spread as is now that of Turgenieff, the one Russian author who has become world-known. In Russia itself Gogol's fame is firmly established, and appears likely to be permanent; but the immense popularity of his novel, *Dead Souls*, and his comedy, *The Revisor*, is a stronger proof of the poverty of Russian literature than of the genius of their composer. Some of his shorter tales, however, fully deserve the praise which has been lavished upon them. Such a picture of commonplace country life as he has given in his "Old-Fashioned Gentry" is a masterpiece, indebted for its merits to the skill of the artist, not to the intrinsic value of the materials with which he has dealt. It may be observed that the word "Farmers," by which Mr. Turner has rendered the *Pomestchiki* of the title, conveys an erroneous idea to English minds of the social position of the two old gentlefolks whose simple joys and sorrows are invested by the author's cunning workmanship with so much interest and pathos. In such a story as this, no less than in such a record of a poor man's limited aspirations and petty disappointments as "The Clock," the Russian novelist appeals to feelings which are common to the whole human race; and he may be appreciated as he deserves by all sorts and conditions of men. But the satirical works on which his fame principally rests are never likely to be received with anything like enthusiasm out of their native land. The applause which they obtain there appears to a foreigner to depend more upon an undoubted talent for mimicry than upon genuine creative power. Gogol's portraits are caricatures, which may delight eyes well acquainted with the originals held up to ridicule, but do not reveal to strangers sufficient artistic charms to make up for distortion of outline and extravagance of colour. It is difficult for a reader who is not intimately acquainted with the corrupt vulgarity of Russian official life to take a strong interest in a drama which turns entirely upon the attempts made by the Government officials of a provincial town to propitiate a stranger whom they mistake for a superior on a visit of inspection. It is almost as difficult for any one unacquainted with Russian country life, as it was during the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, to follow without something like a sense of weariness the rambles from one country house to another of the ingenious swindler whose attempts to defraud the Government, by making himself proprietor on paper of serfs who have died since the last census was made, are described with such accuracy and humour as Russians are never weary of praising in *Dead Souls*. Gogol was only in his forty-third year when he died, and for some time before his death he had abandoned fiction, being the victim of a religious melancholy which led him, Mr. Turner says, as one of his last acts, "to write a few sad lines, in which he prays that all his works may be forgotten, as the products of a pitiable vanity, composed at a time when he was still ignorant of the true interests and duties of man."

A still more premature death deprived Russia of its greatest poet at a time when much was still to be expected from him. Poushkin had not completed his thirty-eighth year when he was killed in a duel. Lermontoff also, who as a poet ranks next to Poushkin, was killed in a duel when only in his thirty-seventh year. Koltsoff, the sweetest of Russian lyric poets, was cut off at a still earlier age; but he was consumptive, and he was worn out before he died. Poushkin was a man of vigorous vitality, and had it not been for the fatal pistol-bullet, he might have left more behind him than Russia now possesses to justify the very high praise which he has received in his own country. The extracts from his poems which Mr. Turner has translated scarcely suffice to explain why Poushkin stands so high in the opinion of Russian critics; but it is very difficult to form a correct idea of a poet's merits from renderings of his verse into alien tongues. Where a story is told, something like justice may be done by a translator to his original. And so Poushkin's metrical romance of "Eugene Onegin," even when literally translated, is capable of touching and interesting its readers. We may take this opportunity of observing that we are generally ready to accept the forms of name adopted by Mr. Turner, but we do not quite understand why he should have written Onegin's Christian name as

Evjenie. The "Tsigane," or "Gipsies," also, is a poem which, even when rendered into foreign prose, cannot fail to leave a strong and favourable impression upon the minds of all who read it. But when we come to Poushkin's lyrics the case is very different. They must possess great charms, or they never could have produced the effect to which excellent Russian authorities can testify. But when deprived of their music of speech they seem to be often but commonplace utterances. Here are some stanzas, for instance, as rendered by Mr. Turner:—

I have outlived each fond desire,
Seen each dear hope rudely shattered;
And naught remains to me but woe,
The sole heritage of an empty heart.

Torn by the storms of a cruel fate,
My poet's crown has withered away;
I live abandoned, forsaken, and alone,
And can only murmur—will the end soon come?

Like the last forgotten leaf,
Which quivers on the naked branch,
That has been struck by a nipping frost,
When the first shriek of winter's storm is heard.

They may be interesting as throwing some light upon the poet's state of mind, but they afford no evidence whatever as to his artistic merits. A better specimen of his workmanship is the gloomy picture of a Russian landscape contained in another of Mr. Turner's quotations:—

Admire the view before us: that sorry row of huts,
Behind them a long level descent of black earth,
And above them one thick layer of greyish clouds.
Where are the gay fields? where the shady woods?
Where the river? In the court there, by the fence,
Shoot up two beggarly trees to glad the eye,
Just two, and no more; and one of them
Has long been shorn by autumn rains of every beauty,
While the sparse leaves on the other are withered and yellow,
Awaiting the first breeze to fall and foul the sluggish pond below.
No other sign of life: not even a stray dog to be seen:
But stay, there's Ivan, and behind him two old women.
With head uncovered he is carrying the coffin of his child,
And from afar shouts to the drowsy sexton,
And bids him summon the priest and open the church door:
Quick! I have no time to lose: the brat should have been buried
an hour ago!

Of Lermontoff's poetic merits it is almost as difficult for the English reader to judge as of those of Poushkin. But Mr. Turner has given several long extracts from one of his poems—certainly the most spirited, probably the best in every way of all his compositions—which tells a story of great interest to which even a prose translation can render tolerable justice. It is the tale of how one of the bodyguard of the Tsar Ivan the Terrible insulted the wife of a young Moscow merchant, and how her husband killed the guardsman in single combat in the presence of the Tsar. In this case Lermontoff drew his inspiration from the sources of old Russian popular poetry, not from those Western writers to whom both he and Poushkin were so manifestly indebted when they composed their more ambitious works. It seems strange that Mr. Turner should not have laid more stress upon the fact that the poem is an avowed imitation of the "bulinas," or metrical romances which in ancient times were recited by the minstrels who were attached to every princely palace, and of which echoes are still to be heard in the huts of the peasants in North-East Russia. He says, it is true, that "in tone, form, and language, it belongs to the past, and only with an effort of the will can we rid ourselves of the belief that we are listening to the genuine song of one of Ivan's court minstrels." But, in addressing English readers, who know nothing about those minstrels, it would have been well to be more explicit. It may be remarked that Mr. Turner says nothing about a statement specially interesting to ourselves, which has been made by Lermontoff's biographer. It is that the first of the poet's ancestors who came to Russia was of Scotch extraction, and originally bore the name of Lermont, which he Russified by the addition of a final *off*. Whether this statement be true or not, Lermontoff seems to have believed in it himself, for in one of his poems he apostrophizes the far-off misty cliffs of the land of his ancient forefathers. According to Mr. Turner, whose opportunities of obtaining the latest information on all Russian subjects are exceptional, Lermontoff's father "was a poor Armenian officer, of whom but little is known." We shall be sorry if we are forced to give up our belief in the Scotch origin of one of Russia's greatest poets.

THE PICTURE'S SECRET.*

THE historical and almost hackneyed publisher who implored Lamartine in the beginning of his literary career to endeavour "resembler à quelqu'un" would undoubtedly have been wiser if he had lived in the present day; but it is not certain that he would have been more successful in his request. Novels are many, very many; but they have a wonderful family likeness. Now, whatever the most unappreciative judge may say of this modest volume of Mr. Pollock's, he cannot say that it follows the multitude. It is carefully written, which the novels of the multitude are not; and it is not at all conceitedly written, which the novels of the few who do write carefully too often are. The subjects of

* *The Picture's Secret: a Story. To which is added an Episode in the Life of Mr. Latimer.* By W. H. Pollock. London: Remington & Co. 1883.

the two stories are only alike in that the smaller is wholly a story of *diablerie*, while the larger and more important one has but a touch of that condiment. "Mr. Latimer," as the less important, may be despatched first. The thing is a pure fantasy piece, and we do not remember anything quite like it since a delightful volume which the present generation has certainly forgotten, and has possibly never heard of, *The Little Gentleman in Black*. Mr. Latimer is tempted of the Devil to sign his name, according to the approved formula, but with a variety of shifts and devices which really seem to show that the Prince of Darkness has ceased to be a gentleman. He is always on the point of succumbing to the artful springs laid for him, and always escaping, not by virtue, prowess, or sagacity, but by sheer accident—by a whole chapter of accidents, in fact. These are excellently managed, and the atmosphere of matter-of-fact improbability which such a story requires is well maintained throughout, whether Mr. Latimer is being insidiously requested to sign his name in a visitors' book by the diabolical butler, or holds mysterious conversation with an involuntary Bailee who presides over an unfinished row of chambers, or wanders appropriately enough in the brick-and-mortar "dry places" of a new suburb. The two dangers of this kind of *jeu d'esprit*—the danger of leaving ragged ends to the incidents which fret the reader because they are not worked in, and the danger of making the whole thing too mechanical and neat—are steered between with a great deal of skill.

Mr. Latimer's troubles, however, are as much inferior in interest and merit as in space to *The Picture's Secret*. The former, though particularly good of its kind, belongs to a kind in which almost any clever and well-read man who chooses to give loose to his fancy in the first place, and to use a little trouble in correction and adjustment in the second, can do at least tolerably. It is a capital study in the manner of a great many masters, from Lucian and Apuleius to Cazotte and Hoffmann. But *The Picture's Secret* has no royalty of this sort to pay. It is in scale little more than a *nouvelle*, but a *nouvelle* of exceptional goodness, and in all material points of complete originality. In his title and its connexion with his story Mr. Pollock has exposed much the least original side of the latter, wherein he has doubtless done wisely, for it is certainly better that the reader should think that he has got something commonplace and find that he has not, than that he should tread the same road in the other direction. A family picture, which is partly prophetic and partly productive of a sinister effect on its possessors, is a well enough known "property" in the common storehouse of romancers. Here, however, Mr. Pollock's drafts on that storehouse pretty well cease. The picture in question is preserved at Falcontree, the family seat of the Earls Falcon, a country house in the West which, for one cause or another, has been deserted by the family for some two centuries. It is hung in a room where there is an organ, and represents husband, wife, and *l'autre*, the third having just been mortally wounded by the first, who stands over him in Charles the Second costume, while the wife looks on. This not very obscure story, which has an indistinct tradition to interpret it, is, however, complicated by the singular expression of the lady's face, which seems to express as much vindictive satisfaction as horror, and on this no tradition throws full light. It is "the picture's secret."

When the story opens, Cecil Lord Falcon is introduced as "a worthy peer," but eccentric in a different fashion from King Stephen, his eccentricity consisting chiefly in a somewhat reserved temper and an addiction to music. Nevertheless he makes his first appearance at a ball, and, contrary to his wont, remarks a young person there. This young person being well known both to his brother-in-law and his cousin Arthur Vane, he is easily introduced to her. Lilith von Waldheim is the daughter of a somewhat eccentric German painter, who has made himself a reputation during many years' stay in England for pictures of an imaginative kind, in most of which his daughter figures more or less. Mr. Pollock does not attempt any elaborate description of his heroine, which is perhaps wise, inasmuch as the most elaborate verbal description of feminine beauty generally serves either to convey no idea at all or one completely opposite to the designer's intention. But he gives us to understand that she has peculiar and unfathomable, but rather shifting, eyes, and a kind of purring laugh. At the same time she has neither the reputation nor the manners of a stage fiend of any class, except that among her own sex some people accuse her of wantonly permitting attentions in order to break her admirers' hearts; while others see in her merely a girl who is fond of her father, who either does not care to marry or has not seen the right man, and who therefore cannot be blamed for rejecting unsought suits. Lord Falcon, of course, falls in love with Lilith; and being an exceedingly straightforward person, loses very little time in proposing and being accepted. Unluckily, however, Arthur Vane, whose own feelings towards her are of an undecided kind, is asked by Falcon's sister (who dislikes the girl and does not know how rapidly events are marching) to endeavour to prevent the match. He makes the effort too late; and unfortunately the matter comes to Lilith's knowledge, who however makes no sign. There are other signs of a different character which the persons concerned laugh at, as nineteenth-century persons are bound to do, but which nevertheless have an effect on them. A specially favourite picture of Herr von Waldheim's (the Brocken scene from *Faust*, in which the phantom of Lilith appears) falls suddenly from its fastening on the painter and all but crushes him, and Lilith's Persian cat scratches Lord Falcon to the drawing of blood

almost at the moment of betrothal. A man does not, however, in these days (perhaps men did not often in any days) allow a love-match to be stopped by omens; and Lilith and Lord Falcon are married. Rather to the alarm of family servants, they determine to reinhabit Falcontree, and thither, on the return from their honeymoon, they go, Arthur Vane being soon after invited to keep them company.

Here argument shall, and indeed must, stop; and the reader must guess, or, better still, read for himself, how both the secret and the menace of the picture are fulfilled. We may however fairly give here a specimen of Mr. Pollock's style in the sketch of the picture itself:—

The background shows the room wherein the picture hangs seen by moonlight; an old oak-panelled room, to which there clung even in later times a faint fragrance of bygone days; a reminiscence of the past seemed to float about its walls, an atmosphere of lace and ruffles, of heavy silks and drooping curls, a far-off echo from the rustle of flirting fans and the clank of jealous swords. The ghosts of Cavaliers and Court ladies seemed to bow and bridle in its dark corners. In the foreground of the painting are three figures, two men and a woman habited in the costume which had been rendered familiar through Lely's and Kneller's portraits. One of the male figures was ascertained by reference to contemporary pictures to be a portrait of Lord Falcon; he stands with a drawn and blood-stained sword over the other, writhing in his death-agony on the ground. The woman, probably intended for Lady Falcon, stands a little back, in an attitude indicating a mingled triumph and despair. Her hands are stretched towards the dying man, presumably her lover, in a gesture part caressing, part shrinking; and on her face is an expression difficult to describe, so much is there in it of horror, so much also of a fierce joy. This was strange, and there was also something strange in the look of the dying man, whose eyes, expressing all the terror and remorse that can be crowded into a man's last moments, were turned, not to Lord Falcon, not to the injured husband who had just dealt him his death-blow—a well-merited punishment, it may be, for his crime—but to Lady Falcon, the partner of that crime. Had they been turned to her in love, in pity, even in reproach, that direction might have been easily understood, might well have been the last direction in which his heart might have guided them: but they were not so turned. They looked towards her with an expression of bitter, hopeless misery, of vague and sudden horror, such as may be seen on the face of a man who struggles with some overpowering nightmare, which chills his blood and draws cold drops of sweat to his brow, and who wakes to find his vision true. Such a look might have been seen on his face had the thrust that let out his life come from the hands of the woman whom he loved, and who had loved him, instead of from the hands of the man whom he had dishonoured. The only explanation offered for this peculiarity was in one of the least credited rumours current concerning the event, according to which Lady Falcon, either by an impulse of weariness or despair, or by some unhappy mischance, had herself betrayed her lover to her husband's vengeance.

This way of writing seems to us to deserve the praise of being at once careful without mannerism, and picturesque without over-elaboration. The touches of literature and art which comport with the subject are well thrown in throughout; and the only slip, if it be a slip, that we have noticed is a remark of Vane's when the party are looking at the Brocken picture, or rather at a sketch of the Hartz, to the effect that he "can almost see the giant raftsman Michael lurking in the deep shadow under the trees." Mr. Pollock's remembrance of Hauff's charming tale has played him false here, for Michael was a spirit of the Black Forest, not of the Hartz. This however is a very small matter, and the critic who notices it virtually confesses that he has no important faults to find.

The merits of *The Picture's Secret* (for which, with the invincible tendency of a reviewer to meddle with what authors always consider no part of his business—the question of titles—we should like to substitute "Lilith" simply) lies partly in the excellence of the composition and partly in the skill with which the character of Lilith herself is drawn. In the former point the book contrasts very favourably with most English novels, for there is nothing superfluous, nothing wanting, and nothing out of proportion. A determined carper might perhaps say that the character of Vane requires an additional touch or two to emphasize it; but no one could say this of Lilith. She has nothing of the *femme-monstre* of certain French novels; but she is a capital and perfectly possible example of the kind of *natura maligna* which might conceivably pass through a whole life without doing any harm or wrong, and which is yet in certain circumstances sure to refrain from no wrong in gratifying its perverse inclinations. To use her attractions partly as a means of revenging herself on Vane for trying to balk her of her marriage; to be unfaithful to her husband, partly because some one has striven to deprive her of him, is of course a signal example of (in the proper and not merely the conventional sense) depravity. But it is not an improbable one, and Mr. Pollock has by his management of the story removed even the semblance of improbability. It is possible that he might have increased some readers' appreciation of the story by spinning it out a little more, which would not have been in the least difficult. But he would pretty certainly have injured its goodness as a study by doing so. As it is, the figure of Lilith stands out with accessories sufficient to complete it, and no more. In fuller treatment there might have been a risk of simply making her one of a group. Let it also be said that the catastrophe (which we have abstained from indicating directly) is as well managed as the plot, and enough will have been said to show that *The Picture's Secret* is an unusually good solid for a single-volume novel feast, while "Mr. Latimer" completes it with a capitally flavoured *bouchette*.

FRANZ LISZT.*

IF we had been asked to give an instance of a modern artist whose career had been one of almost uninterrupted success, we should without hesitation have named the subject of this biography. At an age when most children are still in the nursery, this infant prodigy had already amazed the musical public of Oldenburg by his performance of a Concerto in E sharp by Ferdinand Ries and a so-called "free fantasia" of his own composition on popular melodies; and from that date, when he was only nine years old, to the present time, he has maintained his position as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of virtuosi upon the pianoforte. At a concert in Vienna, we are told, Beethoven was so much affected by his performance that he "hastily mounted the platform and kissed him"; in Paris he was fêted and worshipped in the salons and on the concert stage; in London, later on, he met with complete success; and in Germany he is still considered the master of modern pianoforte playing; and by a not inconsiderable fraction of the world of musical art he is looked upon as a hero worthy of little short of adoration. In spite of this almost unprecedented career—for Paganini's, the only one comparable to Liszt's, was cut short by an early death—we cannot concede the claims put forward by the writer of these volumes, who, we are bound to infer, is one of that party of hero-worshippers already referred to.

The whole tone of the two good-sized volumes which lie before us is one of panegyric and glorification of the author's subject. Nothing that has happened in the past has been without its influence on her hero, and even the heavens were as active at his birth as at that of Owen Glendower. We may be excused, perhaps, for quoting the passage in which the remarkable astronomical fact is described, even at the risk of provoking a sceptical smile at its somewhat pompous and unconscious humour. After having remarked that Adam Liszt and his wife at Raiding "felt little or nothing of the commotion and disturbances which kept the great world out of breath" in 1811, the author proceeds:—

Here peace lived, and only the comet which shone nightly in fullest splendour in the heavens excited the curiosity and conjectures of the rural population. The nights of October were wonderful. The sky was clear, a light blue star-sown background to the liquid gold which the comet shed, as it were, on the earth. Nature herself seemed to hold her breath to listen to the wondrous things which it announced.

In one of these nights it was that the kindly star seemed to send its rays straight down to Adam Liszt's dwelling. In the house itself, however, reigned uneasiness and joy; a delicate, but healthy, boy lay in the arms of his trembling mother, who had just given him birth. That was the night of the 21st-22nd of October, 1811. The boy was Franz Liszt.

This may seem to the mind of the writer sufficient to account for the brilliancy of her hero's artistic triumphs; and the reader will certainly feel that nothing that may happen to, or be asserted of, the man who at birth had the good fortune to secure the services of a comet as monthly nurse can be marvellous enough. Ought we to be surprised, then, that in p. 322, vol. i., we are bid to "Think of his [Liszt's] sketch of the July Symphony, when the Hungarian was only a stripling of nineteen years, and compare it with the contents of the Ninth Symphony of the German Colossus" (Beethoven)? The worst of it is, that we have endeavoured faithfully to think of the sketch of this symphony, which was never completed, and has since been lost, and have been utterly unable to compare it with the finest production of the greatest musician the world has ever seen. Our imagination, in fact, is too limited to undertake the task of analysing an unwritten symphony, sketched, but lost, even though it has been conceived by a comet-nursed genius. We hope we may be excused for our weakness; but the biographer should remember that we are but human beings. Again, we are informed in a comparison between Beethoven and Liszt (a comparison of which the writer of these volumes is very fond), that in early youth "energy, elevation, and grace, as well as religious harmony, are already discernible in Liszt; in Beethoven not so. The feelings which the works of the latter express are only the moods of musical form, and not those of the individual. At this epoch of his youth individual feeling seems still entirely closed, while in the precocious Liszt they are already seeking to germinate." Beethoven was a great genius, but Liszt is a greater. Every one that Liszt encountered exercised an important influence on his genius; and though it may seem to some that his work, especially during the period treated of in these volumes, was but a reflection of Berlioz, Chopin, Meyerbeer, and others, this is not so. It is an error, and our author is determined that the world shall know it. This sort of thing, when it is remembered that the subject of the work is yet amongst the living, seems to us in very bad taste; but what shall we say when we learn in the preface that one of the sources from which this biography is culled is "the master himself"? When the author turns to her hero's life, and forgets that he is a hero, and leaves off prosing about Romanticists and Classicists, we get a tolerably good account of the virtuoso's successes, and these were marvellous indeed. We are inclined to think that, by her over-eagerness to place him at the head of the movement which began with Berlioz and culminates in Wagner, the writer is rather damaging than furthering the great pianist's interests. Certainly the volumes before us do not prove that within that time—the first thirty years of his life—Liszt had shown himself to be anything but a great virtuoso. We know

now from this work that he, too, had his "Sturm und Drang" period, was very much troubled with "Weltschmerz," and conducted himself as many other young men have done, never thinking, we hope, that he would live to correct the proofs of such a panegyric of himself as this.

Born of humble parents at Raiding, he gave early evidence of his musical talents, and while he was yet a child astonished the public of Oldenburg as we have already mentioned. By the interest of Prince Esterhazy, in whose service his father was, young Liszt was brought to Vienna to study under Czerny and Salieri. He soon outran his preceptors, and astonished the Viennese by his remarkable facility in "free fantasia"—that is, in the treatment musically of one or two themes borrowed from other composers. What the taste of the musical public in Vienna was at that time may be judged from the following ecstatic extract from the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* for January 1823:—"And yet it was really fine to see the little Hercules unite Beethoven's Andante from the Symphony in A, and the theme of a Cantilena from Rossini's *Zelmira*, and knead them, so to speak, into one paste." We fancy in the present day an audience would hardly appreciate such a remarkable "paste." His successes in Vienna led his father to take his infant prodigy to Paris, a plan which was carried out in the autumn of 1823. On his way thither young Liszt gave concerts at Munich, Stuttgart, and Strasburg, on each occasion delighting his audience with his wonderful skill on the pianoforte, and when he arrived at his destination he found that his fame had already reached the French capital. Here, though both he and his father earnestly desired that he should receive instruction at the Conservatoire, permission was refused somewhat haughtily by Cherubini, who was then at the head of the establishment, and the young Liszt had to content himself with studying harmony under Paër. After having performed a good deal in private, on the 8th March, 1824, Liszt gave his first concert in the Italian Opera House, on which occasion the orchestra were so "carried away by his playing, they forgot to take up the Retornella." "The world now," continues the author, "in the reigning gallant style of the times compared him to Orpheus." So that one may suppose even that great character stood in danger of being eclipsed by the comet-nursed youth. The next year his father took him on a tour through France, after which he was brought to London, where, it would seem, the hero of Paris, "the fondling of women of rank," was esteemed only "Master Liszt, a 'junger Herr,' a virtuoso endowed with gifts of genius incomparable at his age." A very good experience for a child who was capable of a vast amount of conceit, we should think, but our author is inclined to think otherwise. The climax, however, was reached, we are told, when the boy was presented to George IV., when "his success was incredible, and gained him the favour of the King." On returning to Paris, Liszt, now in his fourteenth year, was fortunate enough to secure the production of his operetta *Don Sancho*, which was received with great applause; but after two more representations was withdrawn, and the score was unfortunately destroyed in the fire at the library of the Grand Opera. In 1826-27, the father and son made a tour through part of Switzerland—the same uninterrupted success following the performances of the latter—and then they found their way to London. It was after a concert here on June 9, 1827, that Moschelles entered in his diary, "Liszt's Concerto in A flat, which he played, contains chaotic beauties"—a remark which is justified by some of his later work. About this time we first hear of Liszt's desire to take orders, and we are told that had it not been for his father he would certainly have done so. Shortly after, however, Liszt was doomed to lose the guardian to whose care and common sense he owed everything, for on August 28, 1827, in his forty-seventh year, the good man died of gastric fever at Boulogne. What he lost in his father soon made itself apparent, for besides feeling the want of the strong character on which he leaned at times for support, he had lost the calculating business man who had managed his concerts and tours. Calling his mother, who was in Germany, to Paris, Liszt nevertheless set to work manfully, and strove to earn a living by teaching the pianoforte. At this he would have been tolerably successful but for an adventure, the first of a series, which did not end well. Liszt, in fact, fell in love with one of his pupils, the Countess St. Cricq, and not being able to tear himself away from the young lady, who certainly returned his advances, he was somewhat pointedly informed by the Count her father that he "considered it best to suspend the music lessons for the present." Liszt of course was inconsolable, but the Countess married and consoled herself as best she could. This episode affected Liszt deeply, and ended in a very severe attack—the second, we are told, he underwent—of mental and physical prostration. So bad was it, indeed, that it was currently reported in Paris that he was dead, and one paper published an obituary notice of him. At the time of the Revolution of 1830 we find Liszt in a highly inflammatory state of mind; a season of "Everlasting No" breaks out within him, and he feels himself drawn to St. Simonism. Our author is careful to point out that he never really enrolled himself under that banner, but there is no doubt that he sympathized with the doctrines known by that name. In 1831 Paganini appeared in Paris. Liszt was greatly impressed by his playing, and with that wonderful power of assimilation with which he was gifted attempted to produce the same, or very nearly the same, effects on the pianoforte which Paganini did on the violin. He claims, and reasonably, to have altered the style of pianoforte playing from the cold, precise formality of those days to the freer and less conventional style of the present day. His success in imitating Paganini on the piano was complete, as the

* *Franz Liszt—Artist and Man, 1811-1840.* By L. Ramann. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1882.

"Grandes Etudes de Paganini," published in 1839, witness. Another man who exercised a great influence on Liszt at this time was Berlioz, and in connexion with him our author treats us to an essay on French Romanticism, &c., which would be more interesting if it were shortened. Chopin, another of Liszt's friends, with George Sand, and last, but not least, the Abbé de Lamennais, in their respective ways, we are told, all contributed to the formation of his character up to this time.

The second volume of this work deals with an unlovely episode, in which Liszt and the Countess D'Agoutt are the principal figures, and we must refer the reader to the volume itself for further information on the subject. If for no other reason, we should have thought this one episode ought to have restrained the author from undertaking to write the life of a man who was still living. It is impossible to justify that which is incapable of justification, and therefore we can see no good in publishing that which we had hoped a good many people had forgotten, and a good many more had never heard of. The two volumes, as we have said before, deal only with Liszt's life from 1811 to 1840, and we cannot say what the remainder of the work may do towards establishing the claims made on his behalf; but the instalment now laid before the public does not go far to prove anything but that, before thirty years of age, Liszt was perhaps the greatest pianoforte player in Europe. His original compositions were, up to that time, few, but he was a master in the art of annexing (we borrow the word from the translator of these volumes) other people's compositions. In fact, the greater part of his publications up to 1840 were transcriptions and pianoforte renderings of other men's thoughts.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MR. BAYLEY gives in a thin quarto an elaborate history of the various loans, issues of paper money, and other obligations contracted by the United States from the beginning of the Revolutionary War down to the present time (1). The narrative is accompanied, illustrated, and followed by a variety of exceedingly detailed and elaborate tables, the recapitulation of which at any rate is worth perusal. We do not, however, find the one thing most desired—a short and simple statement of the total amount of the debt at successive periods. Instead of this, we have a table showing exactly what loans were issued and what redemptions in each successive year of the whole series—a very instructive but much less serviceable paper. The general history is probably familiar to our readers; the details are by no means interesting. The practical insolvency which followed the Revolutionary War made a deep impression upon the American public, the more so that the principal sufferers were those who had done most for their country, and especially those who had fought its battles, had been paid in depreciated paper, had been promised pensions and rewards, and were after all swindled with that shameless ingratitude which anti-democratic historians and politicians regard as characteristic of Republics. It might have been thought that this lesson would have rendered financiers very loth to trust a defaulting nation whose bankruptcy was perhaps the most criminal upon record. Other States have repudiated under the mortification and pressure of defeat; the Americans failed to pay their debts after a signal victory to those by whose hands or by whose aid that victory was won. Other States have pleaded poverty, and generally with considerable reason, in excuse of their default. If the United States were not exactly wealthy after the war, they could easily have raised, by a taxation which their thriving farmers would hardly have felt, funds amply sufficient to meet all demands upon them. Such excuse as may be found for their default must be sought in the character of the Confederate Constitution, which made it almost impossible for Congress to exercise any coercive power over the several States, and rendered each State more careful not to pay until others did, than to set the first example of good faith. In a word, the debt was incurred by an authority which had no direct means of paying it; those who were the real debtors did not choose to feel their honour involved in the fulfilment of obligations contracted collectively, but not directly and severally, in their names. The distrust thus awakened may be traced in more than one incident of subsequent American history. It had not a little to do with the demand for a stronger Constitution, a firmer Union, and a more authoritative central body; and especially with those provisions of the Federal Constitution which enabled the central Government to levy an income of its own instead of depending, as the previous Government had done, on levies assessed upon the several States. Fortunately for the Union, it had between the revolutionary contest and the War of Secession little need to borrow. It had from time to time a small funded debt; it had, on one occasion at least, an accumulated reserve—created by a tariff regulated for protective, not financial purposes—so large that it was thought necessary to get rid of it by distribution among the several States. It may be thought a little surprising that with such a record the Union was able to borrow freely for the purposes of a war whose issue seemed at first so doubtful as that of secession. In truth, foreigners were very loth to trust a Government, discredited perhaps quite as much by

the recent dishonesty of two or three individual States as by the long-past default in which the original Thirteen were collectively concerned. But the same patriotic enthusiasm which filled the ranks of the Federal army filled the Federal treasury. We must remember, moreover, that Mr. Chase found it expedient to rely very largely upon another means of obtaining money. A paper currency issued by the Government is in fact a forced loan; and our readers will not yet have forgotten to what an enormous extent this compulsory resource was employed, or how deeply at one time the "greenbacks" were discredited and depreciated. They never actually fell to 33—that is, gold never touched a premium of 300; but it was expected for some days at one critical period that the premium on the metal would rise even to that point, and for a long time the price of gold varied from 200 to 250. The United States have received very high praise for the good faith with which they fulfilled their national obligations. It should be borne in mind, *per contra*, on the one hand that these obligations were chiefly owed to their own citizens, so that anything like repudiation of the greenbacks would have thrown the entire commercial system of the Union into confusion; and, on the other hand, that the Southern States were compelled by most unscrupulous Federal legislation to repudiate, not merely the Confederate debt, not merely the debts incurred by the several States for military purposes, but all obligations whatever—general, State, and municipal—incurred during the four years of war. As State and municipal bonds were considered the best investment for trust-money, the wrong and suffering inflicted by this regulation were enormous, and fell chiefly upon the weakest and most innocent part of the Southern people—upon widows and orphans. But the consistent steadiness with which the Republican majority resisted all attempts to evade the obligation to pay in gold the interest and principal of debts largely contracted in depreciated paper, and the courage with which they have maintained an enormous and very burdensome taxation in order that the generation which engaged in the war may pay off its own burdens, deserve the higher praise that it is contrary not only to American but to almost universal precedent.

With the story of the *Jeannette* (2)—one of the latest, and, as regards the fate of part of the crew, one of the most tragical, of Arctic adventures—our readers are probably familiar. It is a significant fact, as illustrating the present condition of American shipping and shipbuilding, that when the owner of the *New York Herald* resolved on attempting a Polar expedition on his own account, as he had already achieved the scarcely less striking and hazardous African adventures of which Mr. Stanley was the hero, he could not find an American vessel fit for the purpose. American naval law had to be suspended for the occasion, and an English-built vessel not merely received an American register, but was practically and for the nonce admitted into the American navy. The *Jeannette* was well known to Englishmen interested in Arctic exploration as Captain Allen Young's *Pandora*. It was an essential characteristic of Mr. Bennett's ambition to choose a new route—a route which, being new, was hardly likely to be permanently successful. The judgment of all Arctic adventurers concurred in believing that if a route to the Pole could be found, it must be on one or the other side of Greenland. But the *New York Herald's* expedition must be novel before all things, and therefore Behring's Straits was chosen for its route. Its failure to attain any high northern latitude, and perhaps the disaster which befell the ship and the severe sufferings of that portion of her crew which finally made its escape, were due in great measure to this perverse selection. The volume before us contains not only the history of the *Jeannette's* cruise as related by the survivors, the records and journals of the commander, Lieutenant de Long, revised and arranged by Mr. Newcomb, the naturalist who accompanied the expedition, but also Mr. Newcomb's account of his overland journey from the Arctic Ocean to St. Petersburg in the depth of winter, and accounts of the various expeditions sent out to search for the *Jeannette*. The novelty of the route adopted contributes to the interest of the narrative inasmuch as Arctic Siberia, the delta of the Lena, and the natives of that country are far less familiar to English and American readers than the shores of Greenland, Smith's Sound, and their inhabitants. But the manner in which Mr. Newcomb has combined the different narratives breaks the continuity of the story and not a little interrupts its interest. His descriptions are, as he himself calls them, graphic enough. The courage and endurance of the writer and his companions, the skill, discipline, and heroism which finally achieved the escape of the majority, cannot fail to command the interest and admiration of the reader. But with such materials it would surely have been easy to compose a work of more transcendent and irresistible attraction.

Dr. Brinton's work upon the history of the Mayas, or aborigines of Yucatan (3), is a most important contribution to the literature of American antiquities. The archeology of the New World is for many reasons far less interesting and less abundant in materials than that of the old. Its civilization within that period of which any memorials are attainable was limited within comparatively narrow bounds, may be said indeed to have existed

(1) *The National Loans of the United States, from July 4, 1776, to June 30, 1880.* By Rafael Bayley, Treasury Department. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(2) *Our Lost Explorers: the Narrative of the "Jeannette" Arctic Expedition.* As related by the Survivors and in the Journals of Lieut. de Long. Revised by Raymond L. Newcomb, Naturalist of the Expedition. Illustrated. Hartford: American Publishing Company. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(3) *The Maya Chronicles.* Edited by Daniel G. Brinton, M.D. Philadelphia: D. G. Brinton. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

only in Peru and Central America. But, as our readers are well aware, there are over the greater part of the United States, over the whole region from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from the Mississippi to the Alleghenies, relics of a totally forgotten race which must have attained a high political organization, and no mean degree of material civilization. The earthen works of the Mound-builders, with no relics of stone and few of brick, indicate resources and, if not intelligence, intellectual development far short of that which produced the temples and cities of Mexico and Peru. We know little of them except the existence of their works, gigantic in size, exceedingly numerous, and arguing no little mathematical knowledge. We know that they possessed and could work copper, and almost certainly that they had no other metals. We know that they had a rude art of weaving, and a somewhat more developed knowledge of pottery. And here our acquaintance with what must once have been the greatest nation of the Western world may be said to end. The civilization of the Aztecs and of the Incas had reached that point at which written and graven records would have afforded to the antiquary abundant means of tracing their history as far back as it was known to themselves, but for that fanatical Vandalism which led the Spaniards systematically to destroy every native book and most of the native inscriptions which fell into their power. The Mayas were certainly inferior in civilization as in warlike power to their Mexican neighbours; but they were distinctly a civilized people, with a civilized calendar, a considerable knowledge of mathematics, a distinct arithmetical system, a grammatical and well-developed language, and a literature of no inconsiderable extent and value. Of the latter, however, thanks to conquerors infinitely more barbarous, fanatical, and cruel than any of those who overthrew the Roman Empire, or than the most savage of the Mahometan races with which they themselves came into collision, few relics are left to us. Not the least valuable of those relics, the fragmentary Chronicles of Yucatan, are given in their native language and translated in the volume before us. Dr. Brinton has taken no little pains to render the calendar, the arithmetic, and the grammar of the Mayas as thoroughly intelligible as the scanty materials at his command allowed; and comparative linguists as well as archaeologists of every class will find a new and very interesting subject of study in these remains of what may possibly have been one of the greatest races of the New World. For many inquirers are of opinion that the Mound-builders belonged to the Maya race, and that possibly the inhabitants of Yucatan may have been a fugitive remnant of that great nation which once occupied north of Mexico an empire as extensive and perhaps as powerful as that of Assyria. It is unfortunate that, having to quote largely from Spanish works, Dr. Brinton forgets that few of his countrymen enjoy his own familiarity with that language, and fails to translate passages bearing very closely on his subject, often throwing much light upon the history and manners of the Maya tribes, but in the absence of translations unavailable to the great majority of his readers.

Mr. Oswald's *Zoological Sketches* (4) have met with deserved praise at the hands of more than one English critic. They are certainly among the most readable contributions to our knowledge of outdoor nature recently made by that class of observers to which the writer belongs—observers more interested in the habits and character than in the classification or anatomy of the creatures they have studied. The favourite objects of Mr. Oswald's attention seem to be our nearest brute relatives, the monkey tribe, and especially those monkeys of the New World which have, as even novices in natural history know, a distinctive character of their own. Mr. Oswald has a profound and, but for his unquestionable knowledge, experience, and care, we should be disposed to say a somewhat credulous, belief in the intelligence, and even the reasoning powers, of this decidedly the lower division of the Simiade. His anecdotes of monkey life, whether in freedom or captivity, are exceedingly amusing, and, we are bound to suppose, trustworthy. But if the monkeys are his favourite pets, and if he has studied them more minutely than our more distant relatives, he has by no means confined his observations to a single family of vertebrata. His account of the typical sloth, which seems to be about the slowest, dullest, and most insensible of the animal creation, is nevertheless exceedingly amusing. It is difficult to understand how in regions filled with carnivorous birds and beasts a creature which has no defensive gift except a certain facility of hiding, which moreover hides only in trees, and which has no idea of self-defence against the most insignificant enemies, has escaped extirpation. Not only eagles, bears, and wild-cats of every kind, but even rodents of insignificant size, seem to prey on this helpless creature in perfect security; and animals which from his size and the appearance of his claws he should be able to kill almost at a blow not merely slay, but devour him alive, without exciting him to anger or even to resistance. Perhaps the most curious incident in the whole book is the story of a child's adventure with a bear. The grisly is reputed a ferocious animal; but one of the tribe at least, if Mr. Oswald is right, came up to a sleeping child of some six years old, snuffed and touched and thus woke him, submitted to a slap on the face from the little hand, and making off slowly was literally kicked off the premises by his infantine antagonist without condescending to avenge himself.

(4) *Zoological Sketches: a Contribution to the Outdoor Study of Natural History.* By F. L. Oswald, Author of "Summerland Sketches of Mexico and Central America." Illustrated. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. 1883.

Mr. Van Dyke's relations with the brute creation are of a much more common and much less agreeable kind. "Still-hunting" (5) seems to mean deer-hunting with less regard to sport than profit; and the author, who has devoted himself to this occupation, describes minutely the art, if it deserve the name, the peculiarities of the different kinds of deer, their habits in winter and summer, the mode of tracking them, and the weapons most valuable for the purpose. Utterly unlike Mr. Oswald's, his tastes seem more akin to those summed up in the phrase supposed to express the habits and feelings of the English sportsman—It is a fine day, let us go out and kill something.

Dr. Warren's *True Key to Ancient Cosmology* (6) will unlock no single puzzle of prehistoric, Homeric, or other geography—is, in short, merely an illustration of those crotchets from which learning, or what passes for learning in America, seems to afford no security. Mr. Appleton Morgan's theory of Shakespearian authorship (7) is not novel, and his pamphlet does not contribute very much even to the support of the cause he has espoused.

We do not as a rule notice translations; but an elaborate translation in four volumes of Machiavelli (8) deserves perhaps a passing mention. It is executed in a style worthy of the subject, and introduced by a preface in which Mr. Detmold appears to accept upon the whole the views with which Lord Macaulay has rendered English readers familiar with regard to Machiavelli's character and purpose.

The *Jewish and Christian History* (9) published by Messrs. Osgood is not much more than an arrangement of the narrative books of Scripture in what the editor supposes to be a continuous chronological story.

Bullet and Shell (10), while much larger and more pretentious, will not in other respects bear comparison with Mr. Carleton McCarthy's simple and truthful account of a private soldier's experiences in the Civil War, noticed in our article of last month. The author's experiences as soldier and War Correspondent are much more exciting, much more amusing, and very much more pretentious than those of the Confederate private; but for that very reason they cause a distrust which it is impossible to feel for the simple narrative, brief and almost unadventurous, in which Mr. McCarthy tells the story of his military life. The sketches contributed by another War Correspondent are quite as amusing as the text.

Mr. Dawson's study of Tennyson's *Princess* (11) was, the author tells us, written to be read before a small semi-social, semi-literary society as a sequel to discussions which had previously taken place upon Mr. Tennyson's other and more popular works. It is sensible, simple, and to the point. To us, who almost know the poem by heart, it has served to illustrate some imperfectly comprehended allusions, to throw some light on imperfectly appreciated beauties; and, if we cannot wholly agree with the writer's views, we can recommend the study as to ordinary readers of Tennyson well worthy the slight demand which its perusal will make upon their leisure.

Miss Oliver's elaborate *Study of Maria Edgeworth* (12) has not the same recommendations. To those who are still sufficiently interested in an author much more admired in our own time than valued by posterity, it will give a knowledge of Miss Edgeworth's life and writings which few of the younger generation now possess. Whether to the average English reader Miss Edgeworth's story, personal and literary, will seem worth five hundred octavo pages is another question.

Miss Barr has taken the trouble to compile an account of *The Young People of Shakspeare's Dramas* (13) which may, she probably thinks, be safely offered to readers too young to be trusted with the plays at large, and especially likely to attract their interest. The passages relating to Arthur, to Edward, son of Henry VI., Edward V. and his brother, the sons of Cymbeline, the Fool of Lear, Mamillius and Perdita, are followed by historical sketches of the historical characters, and comments on the story of those plays whose characters are purely fictitious. Whether children are specially interested in the story of children who play naturally a secondary part in the history of their elders, whether any of Shakspeare's juvenile characters are likely to command the interest of readers too young to care for Shakspeare's poetry as a

(5) *The Still-Hunter.* By T. S. Van Dyke, Author of "The Rifle, Rod, and Gun in California," &c. New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(6) *The True Key to Ancient Cosmology.* By W. F. Warren, S.T.D., LL.D. Boston: Gunn, Heath, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(7) *Some Shakespearian Commentators.* By Appleton Morgan. Cincinnati: Clarke & Co. 1882.

(8) *The Historical, Political, and Diplomatic Writings of Niccolò Machiavelli.* Translated from the Italian by C. E. Detmold. 4 vols. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(9) *Jewish and Christian History.* 3 vols. Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(10) *Bullet and Shell: War as the Soldier saw it.* By Geo. F. Williams, of the 5th and 146th Regiments New York Volunteers, and War Correspondent. Illustrated by Edwin Forbes, Pictorial War Correspondent. New York: Fords, Howard, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(11) *A Study, with Critical and Explanatory Notes, of Alfred Tennyson's poem, "The Princess."* By S. E. Dawson. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. 1882.

(12) *A Study of Maria Edgeworth.* With Notices of her Father and Friends. By Grace A. Oliver, Author of "Life of A. L. Barbault." Boston: Williams & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

(13) *The Young People of Shakspeare's Dramas.* For Youthful Readers. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

whole, is a matter on which Miss Barr may possibly be a better judge than ourselves.

Miss Richardson's collection of Old Love-letters (14) includes three several classes. The first part contains letters of Otway, Pope, Swift, Steele, Sterne, Johnson, Horace Walpole, Burns, Mary Wollstonecraft, Keats, and many less eminent men and women of letters. The second gives a smaller number of letters of real historic interest—letters between Henry VIII. and his wives, two each from Charles I. and Cromwell to their wives, and, best of all, several letters of Queen Mary to King William III., fully justifying Lord Macaulay's estimate of her devoted attachment to a man hardly likely, according to ordinary ideas, to have won such devotion from such a woman. The third part contains a variety of epistles of greater or less interest, from the well-known Paston Letters to the family epistles of the Winthropes, those of Lord and Lady Russell, and those of Aaron Burr and his wife; and, finally, four from Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton. The last perhaps are somewhat of a blemish in a volume generally unexceptionable.

The highest praise we can give to Miss Clemmer's *Poems of Life and Nature* (15) is that they often and not ungracefully recall more or less directly the familiar and higher beauties of well-known poets. Of Mr. Rennell Rod we will only say at present that he has won the warm admiration of Mr. Oscar Wilde, who has taken the trouble to write an introduction (16) occupying nearly one-third of the little volume.

(14) *Old Love-Letters; or, Letters of Sentiment.* Written by Persons eminent in English Literature and History. Collected and Edited by A. S. Richardson. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(15) *Poems of Life and Nature.* By Mary Clemmer. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(16) *Rose Leaf and Apple Leaf.* By Rennell Rod. With an Introduction by Oscar Wilde. Philadelphia: Stoddard & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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OFFICIAL NOTICE.—CORK EXHIBITION, 1883.—It is intended to hold an EXHIBITION of MANUFACTURES, ARTS, PRODUCTS, and INDUSTRIES in the CITY of CORK, and to open it in the first week of July. It will remain open for from two to three months. Applications for space should be sent addressed to L. A. BEAMISH, Hon. Secretary, Exhibition Buildings, Cork, before March 1; but Fine Art applications will be received until March 15. Forms of Application for space may be obtained from the HON. SECRETARY, at the above address; who will also gladly receive and acknowledge Donations to the Exhibition Fund.

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